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THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS

PENTHOUSE®

LETTERS



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VARIATIONS**

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WIVES GONE WILD
SEX-STARVED SPOUSE
DINES ON WAITER

**SWINGING &
SWAPPING**
HONKY-TONK TRYST

TRUE CONFESSIONS
BIG SPENDER BLOWS HIS
WAD ON A HOTTIE

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YOUR PLANS
TONIGHT?

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TURNING UP THE HEAT

WELCOME to a summer like no other. There's an exhilarating feeling of anticipation in the air, as if we're all on the cusp of something exciting. And after such a long stretch of playing it safe, many of us are ready to bust loose and have some fun. That's where we step in with a thrilling issue of *Penthouse Letters*!

Wives Gone Wild kicks off this edition with married chicks who show they haven't lost their thirst for adventure. They may no longer be single—but they're still ready to mingle!

Couples get into the act in Swinging & Swapping, which brings together like-minded lovers, who find bed-hopping to be the perfect anecdote to their workaday woes.

Spotlight on Open Season puts two wives on the road to satisfaction and Rachel Leone's "What a Corker!" toasts a lust-drunk bartender's audacious sex acts.

Have you had some hot summer loving? Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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WIVES GONE WILD

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SHOPPING TRYST

My wife has never been crazy about shopping. That's why I was so surprised when Katie dragged us to the mall last weekend. Shortly after we arrived, she insisted I try on a pair of jeans and shoved me into a department store fitting room—and quickly closed the curtain behind both of us.

I hadn't even doffed the pants I'd worn to the store when Katie's hand skimmed over my hip and rested atop my bulge. Her fingers curved around my shaft and gave my growing erection a gentle squeeze.

"You ever fuck a lady in a department

store, Brent?" asked my leering wife.

She popped open the button on my jeans and pulled down the zipper.

"Katie," I whispered. "Someone might catch us."

"Come on," she goaded. "Live a little."

She bent over the stool tucked into the corner of the stall and flipped up her skirt, revealing her naked ass and pussy. Her back arched as she rocked her weight from heel to heel, making her luscious cheeks jiggle.

"You know you want to," she drawled. "Don't make me wait. Take me, Brent."

I glanced over my shoulder at the flimsy curtain that stood between us and the rest of the store, then I looked at my wife. She was so tempting standing

there with her bare ass in the air. Her cunt was already so wet. Her soft pussy lips gleamed with dew. It would be easy to sink my fingers into her hips and drive my dick inside her pussy.

"Fuck it," I muttered to myself.

I closed the distance between us in a single stride and dipped two of my fingers into her warm, wet pussy.

"Oh," she sighed rapturously.

"Quiet, Katie," I hissed. "If you get us caught, I can't make you come."

That did the trick. Katie grew as quiet as a church mouse, while I plundered her drenched pussy with my fingers. I got them thoroughly coated with her juices, then I swiped the pads of my fingers over her delectable cunt lips.

Katie's slippery skin glistened beneath the bright fluorescent lights. I hadn't planned to eat her out—but goddamn, I was dying for a taste.

Fuck it, I thought. I've come this far. What's a little muff-diving when all's said and done?

I knelt and laid a soft kiss on Katie's inner thigh, then I nibbled my way over to her gash. Her musky scent spurred me on.

Not wasting any time, I dragged my tongue along the center of her slit, lapping up her sweet nectar.

"Mmm," I murmured.

Fellow shoppers couldn't hear me if used my wife's pussy to muffle my voice, right?

As it turns out, the forbidden nature of our clandestine fuck session made Katie's juices taste even sweeter to me. I love to lick my wife's pussy, but adding an element of danger really sent my arousal level off the charts.

Naturally, my dick was begging to join the party. I reached down and freed it from my boxers. I wasn't quite ready to fuck Katie just yet, but my cock refused to be contained.

I gave my shaft a few quick strokes while I ate Katie out, careful not to get myself too excited.

For her part, Katie was doing a much better job of biting her tongue. Her thighs quivered against my cheeks, and her glorious juices coated my tongue. Knowing my wife, that steady flow of honey was a sure sign she was already headed toward rapture.

But for me, the goalpost had moved. Why give my wife one orgasm in a dressing room, when I could easily manage two?

Using my free hand, I slid forward and sought out Katie's clit. Could I have simply finger-fucked my wife instead? Sure. But it was so much more satisfying to lead her to ecstasy with my tongue added to the mix.

I wiggled my tongue inside her pussy, reveling in the soft feel of her snug walls. At the same time, I sealed my lips over her slit and hummed. The subtle vibration gently massaged her plump folds.

I returned to licking her slit. I matched the rhythm of my tongue with that of my clitty-stroking finger, and the harder I worked, the more Katie's thighs

trembled. She was so close to coming I could taste it—literally.

I dropped my dick to instead play with Katie's asshole. Her backdoor is so sensitive a simple brush of my finger is usually enough to make her moan.

A little lube was all I needed to slip a digit inside, and some saliva would do the trick. My tongue made beeline for her butt hole.

I love eating Katie's ass. It's the next best thing to licking her box, which is my absolute favorite part of foreplay.

“Her thighs quivered against my cheeks, and her glorious juices coated my tongue.”

Greasing the runway made it a cinch for me to taxi my index finger into Katie's asshole. She opened up easily, welcoming me inside.

Katie knew not to moan, but she did communicate through her movements. I could tell she was close to climaxing by the way she gyrated her hips to push her clit against my fingers. Even without the help of my tongue, her pussy was fully lubed and ready for action. I continuously spread liquid arousal from her slit to her clit as I worked to rub her off. My wife's juice coated my fingertips, allowing me to slide easily over her swollen button.

But my thumb was just sitting there, so close to Katie's pussy and yet not contributing to her pleasure at all. That needed to change! I plunged my thumb inside her snatch and rubbed her walls and clit at the same time.

When Katie's pussy started to twitch, the aftershocks rocked her asshole. Every ripple and spasm I felt in her pussy was magnified tenfold in her ass. It gripped my finger tightly and rhythmically.

Katie didn't seem to mind. In fact. I'd

say my wife seemed quite content to use my pointer finger like a custom butt plug custom crafted just for her.

I should have expected Katie to gush like a goddamn geyser. All the usual signs were there. What started as a slow trickle gave way to a big ole flood of honey as she came. Before I knew it, I was furiously lapping at her slit, working as quickly as I could to slurp up her nectar.

Once her orgasmic spasms had subsided, I slipped my digits from Katie's holes and stood up. A smear of pussy juice was on the stool's seat—a damning bit of evidence proving someone had gotten busy in the dressing room. I made a mental note to wipe it up before we left.

But we weren't done yet. Adrenaline coursed through my veins, and my dick still stood at attention. Any reservations I had earlier had long since evaporated, leaving behind nothing but raging lust.

It was past time for me to get satisfaction. I took my dick in my fist and swirled the head around Katie's pussy hole. Her natural lubricant had created the perfect conditions for a hot, fast fuck.

Sinking inside her snatch was nice and easy. Holding on to her generous hips allowed me to handily pull Katie toward me until her cheeks bumped against my pelvis.

I swallowed my groan as Katie's molten pussy enveloped my dick. I found myself gritting my teeth to keep in the primal grunts rumbling in my chest. Nothing in this world compared to the feeling of my wife's cunt welcoming my dick.

Slow and steady wasn't an option. Hard and fast was the rule of the day.

I braced my foot on the rung that ran between the bottom of the stool's legs, holding it steady while I plowed my wife.

Katie's back bowed, creating a small gap between her pelvis and the seat.

Acting fast, I reached around her thigh and headed straight for her clit. There was just enough space for me to move my fingertips in tiny circles over her bud.

For a moment, all I could hear was the sound of my balls lightly slapping against my wife's slippery snatch.

I'd almost forgotten we were in a tiny dressing room at our local department



store. It was pure bliss until I heard an attendant directing a customer to the fitting room directly next to ours.

Of course, that's when a soft moan escaped Katie's lips.

I reached around and slapped a hand over her mouth, cutting off the sound. Even if we got caught, there was no stopping me. Not while my wife's pussy ripped around my thrusting shaft.

Through it all, I never stopped driving my dick into Katie's cunt. I did slow down enough to make sure we weren't making any more noise, but not even a close call with a store staffer was going to get me to zip up before I'd shot my load.

However, at that point it was getting tough for me to hold back my grunts and groans. This was my first semi-public fuck session, and I was surprised to find it really revved me up. Part of me almost wanted to get caught, to see the person's face when they got an eyeful of my hot-as-hell wife

bent over a stool with my dick balls-deep insider her.

But I guess we kept quiet enough because the salesperson walked past our curtain again without pause and didn't return.

Still, I could hear the rustle of clothing as the customer in the adjacent stall shuffled around. Did that mean he could hear the wet smack of Katie's soaking pussy connecting with my skin? I liked to think he could.

While I fantasized about a stranger eavesdropping on our tryst, Katie launched into another near silent orgasm and dragged me into the abyss along with her. Cream jettisoned from my cock, filling Katie to the point of overflowing. It seeped out of her pussy and fell onto the stool. I kept going, not stopping until I'd released every last drop.

We cleaned up our mess, but knowing Katie, she'd happily walk

through the mall with my come dripping out of her cunt. Just the thought excited me and made my balls tingle.

We made ourselves presentable, fairly confident we'd gotten away with something wicked.

I opened the curtain and locked eyes with the salesperson who'd helped me find the pants I'd never tried on.

"Did you find everything you needed?" she asked politely.

"Yes, and then some."

She smirked and said, "Sounds like you did."

She quickly sauntered off to the stockroom, so she didn't see my jaw drop. I looked at my wife and smiled sheepishly.

We hurried out of the store. Though we didn't buy anything, it was undoubtedly my best shopping experience to date.

-B.W., Helena, Mont.

UNCONVENTIONAL



From our very first date, to the day we walked down the aisle—to even now, five years later—my husband and I have always enjoyed a satisfying sex life. Besides Jim being a very generous and passionate lover, one of the things I love most about my husband is how open-minded he is. We are both fit and in our early 40s. Jim likes running, and I teach Pilates.

Jim has always told me, “I wouldn’t deny you anything,” and yes, he actually means it! There’s nothing Jim won’t try at least once in bed if it turns me on, so I’ve always felt free to share. And like many couples, my husband and I also have certain favorite activities. Mine is what we like to call “hotel hotwifing.” You can probably discern from that term that Jim and I love to engage in hotwife play, with him as the eager and supportive cuckold. But depending on the guy, he sometimes joins me and my lover in the sack.

Jim is in sales and travels to two major business conferences every year. One recent meetup was in Miami Beach—and the only thing that made me wetter than the ocean was the sight of so many young, handsome professionals ready to do business. But little did they know—my husband wasn’t working alone.

While my hubby pitched his wares, I discreetly surveyed the lobby from the hotel bar. When I saw a guy I liked, I’d text my husband a description so he might be able to check the guy out.

While it is always fun to pick out all the cute men I’d play with based on looks alone, I trust Jim to vet and refine my choices accordingly. At the end of the day, my husband meets me for dinner and brings along his man of choice, and we see where the evening takes us. If no prospects come up on his end, I open up a dating app and see if there’s anyone attractive to choose from in our immediate area.

But with so many cute young professionals around on that trip, I knew there was no doubt I’d be riding an eager young stud before the night was through.

As soon as I received my husband’s text telling me he’d selected our dinner guest, I headed upstairs to get ready. I chose a slinky black halter dress—and decided to skip wearing panties.

Sure enough, my husband had chosen well for the evening. Robert was six-foot-two, dark-haired and still had the physique from his college football days. I love a man with broad shoulders and strong arms, and Robert more than fit the bill. He looked so handsome, too, sitting there in a suit next to my husband. My pussy was already wet and aching as I realized how badly I wanted

to make a meal out of both of them.

Dinner proceeded with some benign small talk that gradually became more spirited as the wine worked its magic.

"I have to say, Jim. You got lucky," Robert remarked as he eyed me lustily. "I've been single for a year now, and I even hopped on an app to try to meet some ladies here while I'm in town. But I swear half those profiles are fake."

"Oh, lots are," Jim replied.

"How would you know?" Robert glanced between the two of us curiously.

That's when I put my hand on Robert's and purred, "You could say

encouraged him to feel my bare pussy beneath my dress. "What about that?" I kissed him on the cheek.

"I think we should skip dessert," Jim replied, before slipping his finger into my mouth and letting me suck off my own sticky juices.

"We better head out now, or I won't be able to keep my cool in public," Robert admitted with a chuckle.

In due course, Robert followed me and Jim to our room, and as soon as the door clicked shut behind us, I ambushed him with kisses. He was so rugged and tall, and the bulge I found pulsating in his pants felt about as big

teasing the head of his uncut cock with my tongue before embarking upon the ultimate deep-throating challenge.

"You can do it, honey," Jim encouraged.

I took a deep breath, while pulling my ab muscles inward. Once I felt my lungs at capacity, I swallowed Robert's cock down as deeply as possible.

Robert groaned and held my hair back; he, too, was enjoying the view, watching me bob up and down on his dick.

I nearly choked on him, but I kept going back for more until his shaft was so covered with spit, it looked glossy in the room's dim lights. Watching me gag while being face-fucked is a huge turn-on for Jim, so I wasn't surprised when he started to play with himself while watching us.

"Oh fuck," Robert gasped. "I'm gonna fucking come right down your throat, if you don't stop."

I released Robert's dick and said, "No, don't come yet. I wanna feel you inside me first." I glanced over at Jim. "You wanna see his huge cock stretch my pussy?"

"God, yes—I want my slut wife stuffed full of cock."

I grinned and said, "See why I love this man, Robert?"

He laughed and answered, "I'm taking notes, so I know how to land a great woman."

I slipped a magnum-sized condom on Robert and squatted over him, cowgirl-style, so my husband could watch every inch sliding inside me.

"Oooh! Jim, he's huge."

The head of Robert's thick member slowly inched inside my wet pussy; I was in no rush, of course, as I wanted to savor every sensation.

"You feel so fucking good," Robert muttered. "That's right—take it all."

Once I was fully impaled, I began rocking to and fro. Robert reached up and played with my nipples as he asked, "All natural?"

I nodded with a smirk.

"I married her for other reasons," Jim commented. "But her great rack was an added bonus."

My husband continued to jerk himself aggressively as he watched me fuck Robert. "How does he feel, honey?" Jim asked, still working his hand.

"I kept frigging myself as he speared me to the core and drove me closer to ecstasy."

we're a very adventurous and open couple."

I watched as a look of comprehension bloomed on his face, followed by a hint of a smile as he answered, "Oh really?"

"Yes, really," Jim said. "Dana and I especially love making our out-of-town trips memorable by spending time with new people."

"I see." Robert paused. "Did you invite to me dinner with your wife in hopes of having an adventure?"

"Yes," I confessed. "How do you feel about that, Robert?"

"I think I'd be crazy to pass on the opportunity. What are the rules?"

Jim shrugged and told him, "Aside from being safe and sane, our biggest thing is that we play together, and everything's open between us."

Robert nodded.

I leaned forward and elaborated: "I'd really love for you to fuck me, while Jim watches."

"If that's OK with you both, sure."

"Of course it is." Jim winked at me. "Happy hotwife, happy life."

"What about a very wet, hotwife?" I took Jim's hand under the table and

as a brick. It felt as hard as one, too.

"I can't wait anymore to see this," I murmured, as I stared at the tent Robert was pitching.

Smiling, Jim poured himself a drink and sat in a nearby chair.

"She wants what she wants, Robert. I hope you're ready."

I unfastened our guest's belt buckle and slid down his pants. Sure enough, the outline of his swollen member in his cotton boxer briefs was quite the sight to behold! But nothing could have prepared me for the incredible erection that emerged from that pouch.

"Holy shit!" I gasped. "Wow!"

Fully erect, Robert's dick was easily ten inches with considerable girth.

"Whoa—that's amazing," Jim said. "Ever think of a porn career, Robert?"

Robert laughed and replied, "No, not at this point, but I definitely appreciate the sentiment."

"It deserves its own ZIP code," I said, stroking his massive shaft. "Just relax and let me take care of you."

I had Robert recline on the bed—horizontally—so my husband could get a good view of me working over his mammoth member. I started out slowly,



"So fucking good!" I cried out, bucking my hips.

"I wanna see him fuck you doggy-style, too."

"Oh yeah, that sounds fucking amazing," Robert added.

We repositioned ourselves, so I was on all fours facing Jim. That let my husband see my facial expressions, while Robert railed me from behind.

"Rub your clit, while I fuck you," Robert ordered.

Just as I started to do so, he rammed into me, filling me to the hilt in one thrust. It took my breath away, but I kept frigging myself as he speared me to the core and drove me closer to ecstasy.

"Yeah, rub that clit for us, baby," Jim said as he stroked himself and watched Robert nail me.

I gasped for breath, so overcome by

pleasure I thought I might faint.

Robert gently tugged on my hair and gave my ass a slap. He groaned and began thrusting even harder into me.

"Jim," I called out breathlessly. "Get over here, and let me suck your dick, while Robert fucks me."

My husband was, of course, happy to oblige and fed me his hard cock. My muffled gagging and moaning quickly built to a crescendo as Robert triggered my first orgasm of the night. I came so hard, I nearly collapsed. But Jim was there to steady me. As I lay there still reeling from my orgasm, Robert pulled out of my pussy, and he and Jim let me take turns sucking and swallowing their dicks. As they finished on my face—one coming seconds after the other—I reached down and rubbed my clit, already feeling hungry for more pleasure.

I planted kisses on both dicks and told the boys, "Let me know when either of you is ready to go again."

"You weren't kidding when you said your wife was insatiable, man," Robert said, with his voice laced with admiration.

"You're in for a long night," Jim said. "I hope you don't have any early morning meetings!"

Robert shook his head and replied, "No, but a woman like this is always worth clearing the calendar for." Then he paused. "You don't have any single friends, do you Dana?"

As it happened, I did eventually introduce Robert to a girlfriend of mine, and we all met up—but that's a story for another time.

-D.F., Nashville, Tenn.





DINING IN

We'd only opened our marriage twice before. Over the 17 years we've been together, Rick often liked to talk to me—especially while we were fucking—about my taking on another lover. But in reality, we didn't actively plan to entertain anyone new.

But we were out for dinner one night at a local restaurant, sitting on the patio, when the server retreated after serving us our drinks, and I found myself staring at the young man's firm butt.

Of course, it took me a moment to realize Rick was staring at me staring at that scrumptious morsel.

"See something you like?" he asked teasingly.

"He must hit the gym," I answered, trying to laugh off the moment, but I found it difficult to take my eyes off the young man.

At one point, he even caught me ogling him and scurried over dutifully to ask, "Did you need something, ma'am?"

Did I!

Good God, he was cute with big green eyes and dark hair. He was also tall with broad shoulders, but had a lean

build. And his tight rear did make me believe he spent lots of time at the gym.

"Oh, no. I'm good," I told him, and he wandered away, looking slightly confused.

Rick grinned like an idiot, and I smacked his arm.

"You were practically drooling over that boy," he said.

I grabbed his hand and pushed it against my crotch beneath the table. I wasn't wearing panties underneath my dress, and my pussy was so hot and wet. I was losing it a little.

"I could go out on a date with him," I said. "Fuck him. And then come home and tell you all about it."

Rick curled his fingers against my pussy, and I purred.

"Would that make you happy? It's been a while since you've done something like that."

"Yes, it would make me fucking ecstatic. And yes, it has been a while. Remember the last time? I told you what I'd done, and you practically levitated when you came afterward."

Rick nodded. His fingers wriggled against me again, with one even brushing my clit. I shut my eyes, humming softly.

When it was time to take care of the

check, Rick went to the car. I settled up with our server, Aaron, and quickly made my interest clear. We set up a date for the following night when he wasn't working.

I told him I was looking to get laid and nothing more. He was cool and said that was totally fine with him.

As Rick and I made our way home, I mused about what I would do with Aaron. My husband pulled the car into our driveway, but we didn't make it to the house. Instead, Rick swiftly pushed me back on the vintage car's bench seat, pushed up my dress and ate my pussy like we'd never gone for dinner and he was famished. I came with a shout, then I opened his pants, straddled his lap and rode him until he climaxed with a roar.

Afterward, we sat in the car gently kissing for a long while with the windows fogged up.

"Excited?" he asked me.

"Yes. You?"

"Can't you tell?" he asked, squeezing my hip playfully.

"Maybe just a little."

The next evening, I met Aaron at the park, and we walked around eating ice pops and talking just enough to feel like we weren't total strangers about to fuck. Even though we were.



The sun was starting to dip lower in the sky, when he asked, "Are you ready? Because I can't stop thinking about seeing you naked. You're so beautiful."

"Well, flattery will get you everywhere," I told him, agreeing I was ready for us to take things to the next level.

We took separate cars to his place. Luckily enough, according to him, he made just enough to afford a shitty apartment on his own. No roommates.

That came in handy because the second his door shut we were on each other like a pair of sex-starved animals.

I popped the button on his jeans. He glanced at my hands for a split second, and then drew down his own zipper.

"I moved faster, fucking him and getting his hard cock where I needed it to be."

Together, we wrestled him out of those and his boxer briefs.

I'd worn a cute little dress, again with no panties. He yanked it off over my head, and I kicked off my sandals, which left me totally naked.

Aaron pressed me back against the wall, causing a hanging mirror to rattle loudly.

I laughed and joked, "We're going to trash your place."

"Who cares?" he growled. "It's already trash."

He kissed me, and I nipped at his lower lip. I grabbed his stiff cock, giving it a friendly squeeze.

"Fuck," he sighed against my lips.

"Soon," I promised.

I stroked his shaft once more before letting go. He kissed the sweet spot

where my neck met my shoulder, and I shivered. He slid his fingers inside my pussy, and I was so wet they glided in easily. I caressed his shaft once more, tracing the head of his cock with my thumb. I swear I felt it pulse in my hand.

"Put it in me," I said. "Put it in me, but don't come yet."

Aaron hiked me up onto a small but sturdy-looking table that sat by the door. My ass sent a small avalanche of mail cascading onto the floor. He slid his cock along my wet slit, teasing me momentarily before he drove his erection into me.

When he was fully seated in my cunt, I kissed him. Then I bucked impatiently, and he started to fuck me, snapping his hips cleanly as he pistoned in and out of me like the perfect fuck machine. My pussy clenched and rippled as my orgasm approached.

"Shit," he hissed. "That feels too damn good."

I nodded, because it really did. Every thrust pounded me just right. I was drenched, and I was so fucking close to climaxing.

"Yes, right there. Right there," I demanded.

Aaron kept it right there, continuing to jam his cock into me just the way I needed. He screwed me deep and fast, and I came with a ridiculously loud shout.

As my spasming pussy milked him, he panted, trying very hard to keep his composure.

I pushed him back and said, "Good boy. Thank you."

Then I took his hand and led him to the threadbare sofa. I pushed him back, and he sat down hard, looking up at me with his chest rising and falling quickly.

I got down on my knees and took his shiny cock in my hand. I stroked him a little, teasing his shaft and tickling his balls.

"You're killing me," he said.

"Nonsense. You're just excited, is all."

"Understatement of the year."

I lowered my mouth and took him between my lips. His dick was long and hard and tasted like me.

I sucked on the tip, and he shifted in his seat. His overwrought body gave a jerk. I worked his shaft slowly with my hand, while my mouth concentrated on the crown of his twitching cock.

When I thought he might start to cry, I slid my mouth down his length until I felt the urge to gag and I knew I could go no farther.

He groaned, "That feels good."

I withdrew just as slowly, and then pushed my mouth back down, keeping eye contact with him the whole time.

When his hips started bucking erratically, I sat back and proposed: "Your place, your choice. Do you want to come in my mouth or my pussy?"

"The answer is yes," he replied.

I tsked and told him, "You have to pick one."

"Pussy. I pick...pussy."

I winked at him and said, "A fine choice, sir."

I straddled his lap, linking my hands behind his neck. I lowered myself onto him an inch at a time, studying his handsome face as my cunt engulfed him.

He gripped my hips and gave me a squeeze. The sensation thrilled me.

I moved faster, fucking him and getting his hard cock where I needed it to be. Every stroke dragged against a tender place inside me, and feeling that made my cunt wetter and wetter.

"I'm going to come," I whispered in his ear. "My pussy is going to gush juice all over you."

Aaron moaned, and his fingers bit into the meat of my hips as he thrust up from under me.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he chanted.

"Yes. Fuck me. Do it."

His tempo went crazy as he fucked himself up into me, and I came, digging my nails into his shoulder as my body bucked.

Seconds later, I felt him shoot—the warm rush of his cream gushing inside me. He was panting and moaning as he released each and every salvo.

Aaron kissed my breast and bit my nipple, and my cunt twitched around his softening cock.

"That was fun," I told him happily when I'd put myself back together and was taking my leave.

On the way home, I felt Aaron's cream making my thighs sticky and wet. The sensation made me horny all over again.

Rick was sitting on the porch drinking a beer and listening to the cicadas when I got home.

He had a cold beer for me.

I took it, cracked it open and took a



big swig before saying, "That's good."

"How was your date?"

"Also, good," I said.

He smiled at me and gave me an inquisitive look. The light from the street lamps illuminated most of his face.

"Tell me about it," he said.

I sat next to him on the glider and put his hand on my thigh.

"He fucked me, then I sucked his cock, then he fucked me again."

"Did you come?"

"Like gangbusters. Twice."

"Interested in another?"

His hand went higher and fingered my sloppy slit.

"Always."

He took my hand led me inside to our bed.

"Did you like sucking his dick?" he

whispered breathily in my ear.

"I did."

"Did he fuck you good?"

"He did."

He slid his fingers into my slick cunt as he asked, "As good as me?"

"Never," I told him.

Rick turned me over and hiked my hips high. I heard his zipper open and then the rustle of his jeans coming down.

"Are you full of his come?"

"Yeah, baby," I said.

He groaned and pushed into me. His cock filled me up, sliding deep. He jammed a finger into my ass as he fucked me, pressing down so I could feel his presence in both holes.

Rick screwed me fast and hard, as if he were reclaiming me. The thought made my nipples spike into hard little

peaks. He continued to fuck my pussy and finger my ass. I pushed my face into the bedding that smelled like his cologne and our fucking, and I breathed in deeply as I came.

He gave me a few more strokes and then grunted as he emptied into me. It was fun going out—but it was always better coming home.

—C.H., Tampa, Fla.

Did you marry your wife because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell us all about it. Mail your impossibly sexy story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



HANDS-ON HOTTIE

SLOAN'S RUBDOWN TURNS RISQUÉ.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIR RON









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PLAYMATES

Back when my wife and I were swinging pretty regularly on the East Coast, we had our share of great times, and now we have some stories to tell. At the time, Cass and I were in our early 40s. We lived in NYC, but we tended to meet people outside of the city for our wild times. You've heard of wanderlust? Well, that's what we called our travels in search of sexual adventure. Sometimes we'd go as far south as Florida or to some of the well-known adult resorts in Yucatán and the Caribbean, but we also ventured to the Midwest—and once even went way out west to a weeklong mega-orgy in Northern California.

But much of our sexual play happened in and around a smaller city in upstate New York. We became “partners in crime” with a couple named Cissy and Joe who lived there. One day, they told us about this couple they'd met, Betsy and Colin. Joe called them the “new kids in the hot tub.”

“He's not joking,” said Cissy. “We went bar-crawling with them, and they got carded by every bartender.”

The newcomers were actually in their mid-20s, but they were dyed-in-the-wool hedonists, with more experience than most. We learned that Colin was a quiet fellow, while Betsy was “oral” in multiple senses of the term—or as Cissy rather crudely put it, “The only time she stops talking is

when she's got a dick in her mouth.

Cass and I finally met this new couple at a meet-and-greet that was part of a hotel-takeover lifestyle event in Orlando. They were both nice enough, and we found them appealing, but we didn't engage with them sexually that weekend, even though I would've been open to it. Betsy—a slim, slight beauty with jet-black hair, piercing dark eyes and stellar breasts—was impossibly sexy. But Cass was wary about the idea of playing with them. She pointed out that they seemed no older than our own college-age son.

“It would be just plain weird to fool around with them, Alex,” she said. “I'd be looking to find a babysitter, so you and I could have some adult time together.”

Nevertheless, we agreed to get

together with them for cocktails and dinner the next time we were in their town or they were visiting Manhattan. As it turned out, they visited NYC about six weeks after we made that pact.

The four of us went for lunch at an elegant but relatively inexpensive Thai restaurant in Midtown. It was summertime, and we sat in the outdoor garden in the back. Betsy wore a strapless, tight-fitting top that showed off her spectacular rack and taut belly. Her cute belly button winked at us whenever she moved in a certain way. Her pleated, ultra-short skirt, meanwhile, revealed plenty of firm, tanned thigh. Colin was dressed more conservatively. He looked like a preppy college kid. Why not? He'd been just that only a year or two earlier.

The two were planning to go to a local swingers club that evening.

"We've heard mixed things about it," said Betsy. "Some say it's a bunch of creepy, old-man gawkers. Others say it's packed with the fittest couples in New York. Guess we'll find out! Are you sure you don't want to go with us and check it out?"

We reiterated that, for discretion's sake, we didn't frequent local lifestyle events, though we'd been curious about that particular club.

"Maybe we're too old for it anyway," said Cass. "Sometimes we think we're on the cusp of being creepy old gawkers ourselves."

"Are you kidding, Cassie?" said Betsy. "You two are choice morsels of mature sexiness! Aren't they, Colie?"

Honestly, that is the way that young woman spoke.

Blond, baby-faced Colin nodded with a slightly silly smile on his face but said nothing more.

"Cassie, you have such lovely skin," said Betsy. "You're a red-hot mama bear, and you don't even know it!"

This odd compliment made my buxom wife blush, though I knew full well she was ticked off that Betsy kept calling her "Cassie." Cass definitely did not appreciate the nickname. When we'd met Betsy and Colin in Orlando, she'd told them as much, but the point had apparently not registered with Betsy.

We parted after lunch, with our young friends returning to their hotel for a nap before going out on the prowl. We told

them they should feel free to phone us later that night if the club turned out to be a bust.

That's exactly what happened. They arrived at our place a little before midnight.

"Oh God, never go there, Cassie," said Betsy. "Dark, smelly, overpriced and full of wackos."

"That bad?" I asked.

"Just gross." She made a face. "We saw two roaches at the snack bar. I said something to the attendant, and he said, 'Hey, careful now. Those are our mascots.' I let him know, in no uncertain terms, that I wasn't amused."

"I looked over and watched as Cass went to town on Colin's dick, sucking it sloppily."

"A real dump," Colin said, reminding us that he existed and had a voice.

"Let's get you two some drinks," I volunteered.

We sat in our living room and chilled for a half hour or so. Betsy looked incredibly scrumptious. She wore the same miniskirt she'd had on at lunch, but for their evening adventures she paired it with a snug, scarlet-colored sweater. She reminded me of a sleek red sports car. Colin and Betsy—well, mostly Betsy—regaled us with descriptions of the misadventures they'd had at the club, which hadn't included any sex play on their part. I was glad that Cass and I had decided not to accompany them. It sounded as though the place truly was unappetizing.

Cass and I had had a tête-à-tête before our guests' arrival to see where we stood

when it came to getting frisky with them. Cass had finally decided she was up for it, if the opportunity arose. After spending time with them at lunch, she no longer felt their age was an issue.

"They're not like Dan in any way," she said, referring to our son. "And they're both hotties. So, fuck it. I'm ready to screw both of them."

Still, we were surprised when Betsy beckoned Cass to join her and Colin on the sofa, while I fixed another round of drinks.

"Come over here, my dear," she said. "Isn't it time you and I made out?"

"Well, OK!" said my wife. Cass stood up and went to the sofa where our young friends were relaxing. She plopped down at Betsy's left. Colin was at Betsy's right.

Betsy brushed the strawberry-blonde ringlets away from Cass's face and went in for a tender kiss. Enfolded in each other's arms, the two women made out sweetly and quietly at first. But then they became more fervent, using their tongues as well as their lips. Betsy's hands fondled Cass's more-than-ample breasts. And vice versa.

I handed a fresh vodka and tonic to Colin. He was massaging his cock through his khaki trousers, but he stopped momentarily to take the tumbler from me. He put it down on the side table and then began unbuttoning that scarlet cardigan of Betsy's. Soon, both women were topless. Betsy's nipples were like swirls of pink frosting. My gorgeous Cass lapped at them hungrily. Meanwhile, my dick had seriously hardened. All four of us were clearly onboard.

"Tell me what you like, Cassie."

Cass laughed.

"What's funny?" Betsy asked.

"I like to be called 'Cass' not 'Cassie,'" my wife reiterated.

"Oh, Cass! Cass! Forgive me. I forgot about that. Mea maxima culpa, sweetie!"

Cass laughed and told her, "Don't worry about it."

"Tell me what you like...Cass."

"Scissors." The word had been spoken not by Cass but by the taciturn Colin.

"I didn't ask you, Colin," Betsy teased him. "I know what you like."

It turned out scissoring was a favorite sex act of both Betsy and Colin. She loved to grind her drooling pussy against that of another woman, and he liked to



watch her do it. Cass said she was up for attempting it, though she confessed she'd found it difficult to accomplish in the past. Before the real action began, though, we all picked up our drinks and went into our bedroom, where scissoring and other such feats could be more easily accommodated.

The two women stripped to the buff. I pulled back the bedspread, and soon—after only a bit of maneuvering—my wife's shaved pink pussy was jammed tightly against Betsy's compact twat with its dark patch of prickly pubic hair. Athletic Betsy had accomplished this by positioning my wife on her side and then snapping into the groove like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle.

Colin and I stripped to our undershorts. We went to our respective wives and began kissing them. Our mouths could not stifle their moans.

When I took a break from making out with Cass, I looked up to see Betsy was sucking her youthful husband's thick,

helmet-headed dick. Colin may have looked like a kid, but he had the schlong of a grown-ass man. Watching the two of them got me even more aroused. I moved my face away from Cass's mouth and—after shucking my boxer shorts—brought my stiff rod to her lips. Cass sucked me voraciously, even as she continued thrashing about to slam her crotch against Betsy's. My moans harmonized with those of the two women.

Once more, Colin the Silent spoke—this time to me.

"Wanna switch?" he asked.

"If that's what the ladies want," I told him. Both wives assented eagerly.

It felt like a gift from the gods when Betsy took my hard-on into her wet, warm mouth. Her style of fellatio involved more of a steady suction action than Cass usually employed. I wondered how long my erection could hold out before spewing its load. Betsy sensed the nearness of my orgasm and cleverly backed off whenever I got close. She

would lightly kiss my ball sac before resuming with the blowjob. I looked over and watched as Cass went to town on Colin's dick, lapping at it and sucking it sloppily. She also seemed to enjoy kissing and playing with his big low-hanging balls.

At a certain point, the women were doing more flailing than grinding. So, Colin and I strapped on condoms and fucked each other's wife in missionary position, side by side on the big bed. We blasted our loads at last. We then watched as Cass and Betsy brought one another to noisy orgasms with buzzing vibrators.

When it was all over, Betsy prattled on and on about how amazing the encounter had been. Colin was, of course, less verbose, but—in his own way—fully enthusiastic.

"Cool beans," he summed things up. "Definitely cool beans."

—A.L., Toms River, N.J.

MEET & MINGLE

Carrie and I were at the new teachers' meet and mingle. I was a new teacher. So was my wife. Some of the PTA leaders were also there—including Laurel and John. We'd heard rumors they were into swinging. And given we were new to the area, our ears had perked up.

"Oh, he's hot," Carrie said, grabbing my arm.

"She's not too shabby either," I teased. "Taller than you. An Amazon."

"If you're trying to make me jealous, it's not working. She's stunning. I'd do her."

"Maybe next time," I said.

I caught John's attention and waved. They came over, grabbing drinks on the way.

We did introductions all around, and then chatted about the upcoming school year. Carrie taught English; I taught American History. We all studied each other like wary superheros wanting to share their secret identities.

Finally, in the corner of the big room, we lowered our voices and had the real conversation.

"Would you be interested in coming to dinner?" my wife asked.

Laurel smiled at me and then Carrie, before replying, "We would. I think we might have a lot in common."

It would have been easier to come right out and ask, "Wanna fuck?" But the vibe was clearly there. We set a date to have dinner on Sunday. I'd grill, they'd bring dessert, and we'd all get to know each other.

But then my daring Carrie broached the unspoken topic and softly said, "We prefer to be in the same room. We're tight that way."

John assured her, "That won't be a problem."

They showed up on time with brownies and ice cream. Carrie ushered Laurel into the kitchen where they chatted, poured wine and put the ice cream in the freezer.





John and I talked, as well, but on the back porch, while I stacked the coals on the grill.

When the women emerged from the kitchen, they were laughing.

"What are you two up to?"

John asked.

"Plotting," his wife said.

"Exactly," Carrie chimed in. "In fact, we have an announcement. We've decided to do appetizers before food and dessert."

"Appetizers?" I asked, but I understood. I've known Carrie a long time, and I knew what that look in her eye meant.

"Yep. Fucking, then food, then sweets," she said.

"OK," John and I replied, practically in unison.

When Laurel reached for me, I took her hand. I watched as John reached for Carrie.

Laurel asked, "Where to?"

Carrie led the way as she told them, "The guest room. A double bed and a settee. I call dibs on the settee."

We'd fucked on that settee more than once. I was curious to see what she had in mind to do with John.

I was pleased to find out Laurel was a wildcat. She pushed me back onto the bed the moment I got close enough. She made quick work of my shorts and my shirt. My boxer briefs she tugged down slowly, watching avidly as my cock sprang to life.

I watched her swallow my dick. Her lips were painted a bright red, and the sight of them sliding down my length had me gasping for air. The sensation of her wet mouth on my cock was amazing. She dragged her fingernails lightly across my balls, and I moaned uncontrollably.

I heard my wife do the same. I glanced over to see John, his body draped over my wife, as he kissed her lush lips with two fingers buried deep in her pussy. Carrie, never shy, reached down to stroke her clit as he worked her.

Her dress was hiked up to her waist, her bodice pulled down. She was a lovely mess of fabric and wild hair.

I briefly shut my eyes as Laurel continued to suck my dick. She gave me a friendly squeeze before sliding

her hand up and down my shaft as her mouth focused on the head. Her tongue darted out and flicked across the tip, then she sucked on it softly.

When I made a needy sound, she sucked it harder.

I tangled my hand in her hair and held her there, but after a moment she pulled away. She stood and pushed down her white shorts and panties. She tugged off her crop top and flipped her long braid back over her shoulder.

"Sorry, can't wait anymore."

As I watched, she pushed her fingers

"I looked at my beautiful wife sucking that young stud's cock, and I lost my mind."

inside her cunt. She was so wet, I could hear their movement. I watched as she trailed her own juices up to lube her clit, which she rubbed vigorously.

I glanced over to see John eating my wife's pussy. Somewhere along the way, he'd undressed, and his cock stood at attention, long and hard. His beard scratched her inner thighs, and his thick fingers worked in and out of her wet cunt. She arched her back and moved against his eager mouth.

She caught me watching and gave me a wink and an air kiss.

The very next instant, Laurel straddled my lap. She positioned my cock against her slick pussy and slowly pushed down onto me. Every inch I slid in was another inch closer to bliss.

She rode me eagerly. I could tell how close she was to climaxing by her urgency and how fucking drenched she was.

I watched her move and slid my hand

down to press my thumb against her clit. She hummed appreciatively, and her pussy fluttered around me. I rubbed her clit a bit harder than I typically do to Carrie, but my rough touch seemed to fire her up.

She leaned over me, her tits brushing my chest, and rode me vigorously.

When she came, she bit my earlobe, and my cock jerked in response.

She whispered in my ear, "I want you to fuck me from behind. I want you to come all over my ass."

"I can do that," I told her.

We got into position, and I realized it allowed me to see Laurel's husband rocking my wife. John had her long lovely legs pushed high and wide. He'd settled his bulk between them and was ramming his thick cock in and out of her snatch—and my wife looked like she was loving it.

Laurel put her head down, pushed her ass up and shook it at me playfully—reminding me to get on with the fucking. I liked her a lot. She was fun and sexy and could screw like a champ.

I guided my cock to her juicy pussy. Her flesh was a rosy red and pink. I slid into her slowly, savoring the embrace of her snug channel.

She reached under her body. After giving my balls a friendly stroke, she started to rub her button eagerly, and I slid my cock into her deep.

Her heart-shaped ass filled my hands perfectly. I fucked her slowly at first, watching her booty shake, but then I picked up the pace as I watched John bang my bride.

Over on the settee, my wife was coming. Her moans were long and luscious and music to my ears. She gripped the edge of a seat cushion as she rode out the last waves of her orgasm. Then she pushed John back roughly and gobbled his cock, jerking him and sucking him gleefully as he hissed. She swallowed his staff eagerly and then backed off to lick and tongue his balls before inhaling his rod once more. My own cock jerked in sympathy because I knew how fucking good that felt. John put his hand on her head and guided her mouth up and down his length.

I grabbed hold of Laurel and started to fuck her faster and harder. The

recent visual of my lovely wife with a face full of cock, coupled with the sensual slick feel of Laurel's cunt, was a supreme turn-on. I pushed a finger into Laurel's ass and felt her body grip me tight. She hung her head, muttering. I wasn't able to make out her words, but she seemed pretty pleased by what we were doing.

I pressed the finger in her ass down hard enough so I could feel the drag of my dick in her pussy. I knew I was hitting the right spot because her whole cunt grew tight around my shaft and her breath came faster. I wanted to let her come one more time before I

shot my load, but I needed release, too.

I suddenly felt Laurel's cunt grow impossibly tight around my cock. She reared back, her strong body flexing beneath my grip. She pitched her head down and moaned. I fucked her harder and plundered her back hole with my finger, and when she tossed back her head and shouted orgasmically, I lost it.

I pulled my cock free and jerked it heartily. I looked at my beautiful wife sucking that young stud's cock and I lost my mind, coming all over Laurel's cute little ass. She moaned and moved restlessly beneath me.

John caught sight of what I'd done,

and arousal flared instantly on his face. He put his hand on Carrie's head, tangling his fingers in her dark hair. He moved up beneath her and guided her as he fucked her mouth. He was panting loudly and released an animalistic groan. Carrie pulled back, and I saw John's come dribbling down her chin. She jerked him as he continued to spurt cream.

Finally, he was done, and she dropped to the settee, smiling, and said to our new friends, "I think we're all going to have a lot of fun together."

-D.A., via email





SWING YOUR PARTNER

Line dancing is, I know, a kind of punch-line social activity for some folks who find it kind of corny. But my wife and I both have busy lives, and we were looking for something fun to do that would get us out of the house together and pump the blood some.

Turned out line dancing was perfect. We didn't mind the hokey setup—everybody standing in rows, all doing the same moves as the music played. It was a great way to mingle with people.

That was how we met Trisha and Scott. They were a married couple our age. We shared similar interests and tastes, and they were fun to have a beer with between rounds of dancing.

I'm not going to lie, though. I pretty quickly developed a bit of a crush on Trisha. She was very attractive, also smart and sweet.

Not that my wife wasn't also those things, but I figured I was indulging in some harmless fantasizing. I felt justified when I noticed Cheryl—my wife—casting Scott a lascivious eye when she thought nobody was looking.

From there my fantasy evolved, and

I imagined me and Scott sitting over a couple of brews, earnestly discussing the logistics of wife-swapping. How it would work, where each recast couple would go for their tryst, etc.

I played that scenario out in my head often enough that it was almost like a memory of something that had actually happened. But I knew I would never have the guts to approach Scott with such a proposal. Even Cheryl and I had never explicitly talked about swapping, though I was pretty sure she'd go along with it.

So I was surprised, amused and a little off-balance when, one night at the faux honky-tonk where we danced, Trisha came to the corner table where I was sitting and catching my breath. She set a beer in front of me, smiled sweetly and said, "Gil, you and Cheryl. Do you two ever...swing?"

I knew exactly what she meant, but I still sat tongue-tied with the beer she'd bought me frozen halfway to my lips.

Finally, I managed to say, "I always imagined Scott asking me that question."

She put back her head and laughed, a bright sound that somehow put me at ease. "How come?" she asked. "You think the menfolk should do the negotiating?"

I actually blushed. Part of that was the

thrill I felt at the possibility of being with Trisha. I let my eyes rove her, taking in her pretty face and her awesome tits.

"Speaking for myself," I said, "I'd be very open to swinging with you and your husband." The words sounded surreal as I said them, like in a dream. But it was a dream that was apparently trying to come true.

Trisha grinned and said, "Good. Scott's pitching the idea to your wife, right now." She pointed with her chin. I saw Cheryl and Scott over at the bar. I couldn't see her expression, but the way she leaned toward Scott told me she was interested in what he was saying.

Trisha suggested a time and place. We'd wait a day, then I would go over to their place, and Scott would come to ours. It would give Cheryl and me space to talk it through beforehand. We could change our minds at the last second, if we wanted to, Trisha made that clear.

"But I hope you don't," she purred.

Her voice sent shivers through me, and my cock swelled in my jeans. I felt such a surge of desire for her.

Cheryl and I did talk about things, of course. My wife was game, but she wanted to make sure I would be OK with the situation. I was just as cautious about her feelings. We had a good marriage; I didn't want to screw it up.

But, damn, I wanted Trisha, and Cheryl plainly wanted Scott to bone her good.

"It's not that I'm dissatisfied with you in any way, babe," she said to me. "But..."

"But, a little change would be fun."

That was all there was to it. Trisha and Scott seemed perfect for our experiment in mutually consensual marital infidelity.

Cheryl and I fucked like animals that night. It was like being newlyweds again. My stamina was unstoppable, and she kept coming like she'd just invented the orgasm.

That told us both we'd probably made the right decision in agreeing to this partner swap.

The next day we finalized arrangements with Scott and Trisha. As evening approached, I was buzzing with anticipation. Just before it was time for me to head over, I looked into my wife's eyes and said, very sincerely, "I hope you have a great time with Scott."

She smiled warmly and replied, "I hope you and Trisha have a ball."

With that, I left, knowing that Scott would be arriving at my home in minutes. Once there, he would proceed to fuck my wife.

As I drove, I waited for any latent jealousy to undo me, but all I felt was excitement. It was surely going to be a night I'd never forget.

Trisha met me at the front door wearing a negligee that really got my attention.. Her scantily clad body was as gorgeous as I'd always imagined it would be. She took my hand and led me straight to the bedroom. I tingled inside and out while my hardened cock was trying to burst out of my pants.

Trisha kissed me lightly on the lips and asked softly, "You still sure about this?"

"Yes!" I said eagerly.

She slipped off the wisp of fabric, fully exposing her lovely flesh, while I hastily flung off my clothes. When we kissed again, she was in my arms, and our bare bodies pressed urgently together.

Our tongues tangled with rising need. Her hands moved on me, and I reached down and cupped the sweet knolls of her ass. She moaned into my mouth, and her stiff nipples pressed into me. My cock throbbed against her belly in response.

We sidestepped together to the bed. It struck me how it was almost a line-dancing move, and I had to bite down on a laugh. I didn't want to mess things up at the last second.

Lying down side by side, I pulled her tighter against me, relishing the soft texture of her skin and the firmness of her tits and butt. She groped me with the same candor, feeling my biceps and reaching between us to stroke my balls.

I reminded myself of the endurance I'd shown Cheryl the previous night and managed not to shoot off at that first contact, even though her touch was so exciting it seemed unreal.

Finally, she grasped my cock, her fingers locking around my veiny shaft. I slipped two fingers along her pussy's slick slit, grazing the outer lips. She shuddered and groaned again.

I delved deeper, easing my fingertips inside. I felt her lush internal heat. She was incredibly slick, and her pussy seemed to suck my fingers in farther.

At the same time she jerked my rod, finding a perfect pumping rhythm that filled me with pleasure.

A sudden hunger came over me, and

I had to eat her pussy. Toward that end, I started kissing and licking my way down her body. I paused to suck on each of her swollen nipples, then I moved between her outspread thighs.

Her aroma washed over me, a scent of magical excitation. It wasn't like I was starved for a taste of pussy. Hell, I went down on Cheryl all the time, and I loved it. But this was a new experience after years of faithful marriage.

As I settled in place and prepared to have my first lick, a distant part of me hoped Cheryl was sucking Scott's cock at that moment. It would be only fair.

I ran my tongue up Trisha's cleft, then back down, then slipped it inside her. Her flavor filled my mouth. It made me probe her deeper, eating her hard. I drilled my

"Damn, I wanted Trisha, and Cheryl plainly wanted Scott to bone her good."

tongue hungrily into that silken hole.

Her clit throbbed, and I had at it. It was a lively little bud. Soon her hips were jerking. She grabbed hold of my hair, and I growled with pleasure. I tongue-fucked her, giving her my all, and she rewarded me by moaning with orgasmic joy and drenching my open mouth with her pussy nectar.

I found myself on my back, panting happily, with my chin wet. Trisha did as I'd done, kissing my chest and stomach and working her way down my body. She slipped nimbly between my legs, and I felt her hot breath on my swollen cock. I raised my head just in time to watch her drop her mouth onto my knob.

My body jumped, like I'd touched an open circuit. But it was a delicious sensation. Her tongue swirled around my head, then she was fearlessly swallowing my staff. I watched the ring of her lips slide all the way down to where she was playing with my nutsac.

Up and down her head went, the

suction exquisite. Again, it wasn't anything I didn't routinely get from Cheryl, but the novelty of another woman's mouth...well, that was its own brand of special excitement.

I could have just let her finish me off that way. I had the distinct feeling she'd be as happy to drink down my jizz as I'd been to swallow her juice.

But I wanted to truly consummate this thing. If I was going to fuck a woman other than my wife, I should really fuck her.

I reached down and slid my hands over her shoulders to draw her gently up my body. She reluctantly let my cock slip from her mouth, it seemed. But when she climbed onto my pole, she moved with a new quick energy.

As she lowered herself onto me, the pleasure licked up her body almost visibly. Her lovely face shone, and her body gleamed with a fine patina of sweat. Her firm tits heaved. The grasp of her pussy was intense, and I gasped as she ground down on me.

She started riding me. It was slow at first, then she hit a gallop, bouncing up and down. I thrust up every time she slammed downward, and her cries told me I was hitting her deep.

I gripped her hips, feeling like a stallion, which made her my cowgirl. She rode me harder still, her head whipping back and forth. Finally, she let out a groan as her pussy walls tightened around me.

Not letting her catch her breath, I flipped her onto her back. I had about ten seconds left in me, but I would make them count. I stroked into her, and she shrieked, "Yes! Shoot inside me!"

I jetted my come into her, again hoping Cheryl was enjoying her own climax in that same instant with her new partner.

—G.B., via email

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SOAKING WET

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERALD DE BEHR









“I’M FLOATING ON ECSTASY!”

—GINA



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EROTICA

WHATA CORRIER!

A hot bartender is schooled in sex
by a university professor with an
unquenchable thirst for pleasure.

BY RACHEL LEONE





Being a bartender who works at a watering hole mere blocks from a major university in a big city means I meet my fair share of interesting students and earnest academics. But last semester, I had a short-lived fling with a visiting professor, who imparted plenty of carnal knowledge before he took his leave.

Leonard was in town only for three months. He was finishing a research project, he told me. But I didn't care a whit about his academic work. I was more interested in how he'd bend me over the bar after hours and screw me silly.

I was attracted to his stereotypical English lit professor look. I'm a sucker for wiry young guys with crooked smiles and leather patches stitched to the elbows of their tweed jacket sleeves.

At first glance, you might think Leonard's a soft weakling, but you'd have a different opinion after seeing him railing me from behind. For a guy who looked like he didn't lift anything heavier than a hardcover book, he sure was an acrobat during sex. Lifting me up and fucking me against the wall was nothing. This guy would spin me into a handstand, drape my legs over his shoulders and make a meal out of my pussy without breaking a sweat.

During our affair, it was difficult for me to wait for the last patron to leave the bar at closing time, so we could get our freak on.

One night, we thought we were alone. Leonard already had my pants down around my ankles and was tonguing my pussy behind the bar, when a drunken straggler unexpectedly emerged from the bathroom.

Fortunately, both Leonard and my

bare ass were hidden from view. The customer definitely couldn't see what was happening below my waist as he stopped to chitchat with me.

Leonard, the devil, didn't pause for a second—not even when he knew there was another man in the room. He and I happened to be standing directly next to the ice chest, and Leonard grabbed himself a cube.

It took everything in me not to gasp when he skated the piece of ice along my gash. He moved the dripping sliver along my slit and all the way up to my clit, chilling my skin and making me ache for the heat his mouth could provide. After what felt like an eternity, he moved the cube off my clit only to pop the remaining bit of ice inside my pussy.

Somehow, I managed to keep it together until the tipsy customer stumbled out the door. Of course, I

couldn't very well jump out from behind the bar to lock up when I had a horny man busying himself between my legs.

"Sorry about that," Leonard murmured against pussy before he lapped up the liquid seeping from my snatch. Seconds later, he jammed two chilly fingers inside me, but they were quickly warmed by my molten pussy.

I was bent over the bar with my arms stretched out in front of me and my ass rhythmically rocking as Leonard finger-fucked me and nuzzled my ass. As I sighed and moaned, he wriggled his tongue between my plush cheeks and briefly teased my rear hole.

But Leonard didn't let me get too comfortable. He spun me around, so my back rested against the bar, and closed his lips over my clit.

"Oh fuck," I moaned.

Leonard could toss my salad like a boss, but once his mouth was on my clit, there was no turning back for me. He'd do this thing where he tapped out an irresistible beat with his tongue. It was a mind-bending pattern of short and fast jabs that he'd repeat until I reached my peak. A few minutes of that never failed to make me crazy with lust—and that night was no exception.

Leonard delivered a tongue-lashing that damn near reduced me to a puddle on the floor. It was the first time I'd let him toy with me when I knew there was a chance someone could wander in. But deep down, I liked the risk. There was something exciting about knowing that someone might catch us. Maybe they'd even ask to join in!

However, it was well past last call, and no one wandered through the unlocked door as Leonard jammed his cock inside me and fucked me like an animal. But the element of danger lingering in my mind made me come harder and faster than ever before.

Even better, Leonard had the stamina of a porn star, and after a brief break, we were at it again and continued fucking until the first signs of sunrise started to stream in through the front window.

The next night, Leonard upped the risk factor tenfold. After the final patron departed, he reached across the bar, tugged down my tank and sucked on my tits while my manager was just

down the hall from where we stood.

"She'll never know," he whispered into my cleavage.

He turned his head from side to side, peppering my breasts with kisses.

"After she leaves, I'll have you naked on top of the bar," he promised.

Leonard drew my nipple into his mouth and circled the sensitive bud with his tongue. Around and around he went until the nub pebbled with excitement.

As his tongue buzz-sawed one nip, his fingers firmly tweaked the other, causing me to yelp so loudly that Cheryl called out to ask if I was all right.

"Yes, I'm fine," I shouted back, desperate to prevent her from coming

"He wriggled his tongue between my plush cheeks and briefly teased my rear hole."

out to check on me.

We were so dangerously close to getting caught, but that didn't stop me and Leonard from continuing to fool around. I arched my back, thrusting my breasts toward him and wordlessly urging him to continue.

Meanwhile, I kept one ear carefully tuned in to Cheryl. When the loud click of the stockroom door indicated her imminent arrival, I pulled my tank back up over my tits and ushered Leonard into a booth in a far corner of the bar.

By some miracle, Cheryl barely glanced at the seating area as she breezed through and said good night on her way out the door. She didn't lock up because that was my job after I finished inventory and cashed out.

Little did she know, the only thing that would get done that evening was

me. Leonard was back by my side the second he heard the door shut.

He'd sauntered behind the bar like he owned the place and started scanning the bottles.

"I think I fancy another drink."

He grabbed a bottle of sparkling wine and sat it next to me on the bar, then he pulled his wallet from his back pocket, yanked out a \$100 bill and slapped it down.

"So you don't get any shit from Cheryl," he said with a wink.

I reached behind him to grab two flutes, but he waved the glasses away.

"We won't be needing those. Why are your clothes still on?"

He grabbed the hem of my tank top and curled his fingers into the fabric like he meant to tear it to shreds. But in the end, he whipped the shirt over my head instead.

I wasn't wearing a bra. Tips are better when customers can see a little nip. Besides, I knew Leonard appreciated as few barriers between him and my body as possible.

That's why I wasn't wearing any panties either—a detail Leonard was thrilled to discover. He dipped as though he intended to eat my cunt, but he righted himself and declared, "I want your pussy to be wet when I first lick it."

I opened my mouth to argue that my pussy already felt plenty damp, and it was ready for him to fuck. But take-charge Leonard scooped me into his arms without warning and placed me on the bar.

He propped me up so my knees were bent and my legs were open, then with a gentle tug on my ponytail, he urged me onto my back with my arms above my head.

"Perfect," he said, as if talking to himself.

Satisfied with my new position, Leonard tapped a finger on my chin and then slowly dragged the digit down my neck, between my tits and over my belly. He didn't stop until he reached my fuzz-covered mound, which he gave a quick kiss before standing and grabbing the sparkling wine bottle. Without a word, he tore into its foil seal and popped off its tiny wire cage.

"You do body shots in this fine establishment, right?"



"Y-yes," I stammered.

"Wonderful," he replied. "I think I'll have one now."

He tore the cork out of the bottle and allowed the overflowing foam to spill to the floor.

He held the bottle high above my neck and dribbled the chilled liquid over me, traveling the same path his finger had taken seconds before. The booze ran in rivulets down my torso and over my sex, tickling me as its bubbles burst against my skin.

A drop of wine beaded on one nipple. Leonard ducked down and flicked his tongue over my breast, lapping up the bubbly with a satisfied moan. He closed his lips around the bud and sucked it so hard that his cheeks grew hollow. After a little light nibbling, he released me—but not before grazing the sensitive nub with his teeth.

Next, he slurped the wine that had collected in my navel and lapped up the remaining residue that was clinging to my boobs. Then he showered my neck with tiny kisses and light flicks of his tongue. He grabbed the bottle and tilted another heavy pour over my body,

watching closely as the wine splashed against my skin.

"So beautiful," he said on a sigh.

Leonard dragged his lips over my torso, slurping up all the liquid he could. When he reached my belly button, he again sucked out the thimbleful of sparkling wine that had pooled there. I found myself wondering when my clit might expect similar treatment.

Fortunately, Leonard must've been a mind reader because my pussy was exactly where he next headed. He hopped up on the bar and got on all fours, then he dipped his head and feasted on my pussy. His tongue traced the lines where my hips meet my thighs. Then he licked the outer edges of my vulva, making sure to swipe away every last rivulet of wine he could before focusing on my slit. He darted his tongue between my folds and groaned, "Oh, yes. My God, you are delicious. I could just live here."

After that, the only sound I heard from Leonard was a subtle hum of satisfaction. That was fine by me. When I was bartending, I could listen to Leonard talk for hours. I loved the

way he carefully chose each word, expertly crafting every sentence like it was destined to be printed in the next great novel. But when we were fucking, I didn't want to hear shit from the man unless he was telling me to bend over and take his cock.

As he ate me, his humming felt good—like the buzzing of my favorite vibe. That encounter was the best oral sex I'd experienced in my life—and I don't say that lightly.

Some sparkling wine must have dribbled into my ass crack, too, because that's where Leonard headed next. His tongue flitted between my cheeks and did a little wiggle against my asshole, and I shrieked, "Oh fuck!"

My hips hitched and lifted my ass off of the bar. Leonard took advantage of that to yank my cheeks apart and sneak in a quick rimjob.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I chanted.

Someone playing with my asshole always makes me hornier. I can't explain it, and I can't control my feelings. I just know that when someone massages my backdoor, my pussy demands loving, too. That's just how I am.



Taking matters into my own hands—literally—I reached down and started to finger-fuck myself. I rocked the heel of my palm against my clit, while I pistoned a few of my digits into my pussy, effectively stimulating every erogenous zone below my waist.

The fingers on my free hand started to twitch, searching for something, anything to grasp. I cupped one breast and gave it a sharp squeeze, marveling at how fast a bit of pain could morph into immeasurable pleasure. A sharp twist of my own nipple had me howling with delight.

Pressure began to build deep in my pelvis. Every piece of my body felt impossibly tight and tense.

“Oh! Oh! Yes!” I cried, as my climax overwhelmed me. Pleasure flowed from my core, making me shiver. Leonard continued to diligently eat my asshole until I rode out every last spasm of my pleasure. The flicks of his tongue sparked the flames of my arousal, extending the length and intensity of my orgasm in a way I’d never before experienced.

Then, without missing a beat, Leonard moved his mouth back to my pussy as I panted in delighted exhaustion. He licked my slit thoroughly from one hole to the other. When he was done, he shimmied his tongue inside my pussy to make sure he’d savored every last drop of his new favorite cocktail.

By then, I was ready for more than Leonard’s mouth. It didn’t matter that I’d just had a mind-blowingly intense orgasm. I still wanted his dick, and I would have it.

When Leonard lifted his head to look at me, I reached forward, gripped his T-shirt by the shoulders and tugged it over his head.

“It’s my turn to take what I want,” I told him.

I maneuvered myself on the bar, getting on my knees and giving Leonard a little push, so he was the one on his back.

The tables had turned, and the notion thrilled me intensely.

Ready to claim my prize, I popped the button on Leonard’s jeans, pulled the zipper down and discovered he had also gone commando that day. His

erect cock popped out of his pants, eagerly emerging to play.

“Now, that’s what I like to see. A tall, hard dick waiting just for me,” I mused.

I helped Leonard shimmy his jeans far enough down his thighs, so I could cup his balls while I sucked his dick. I still fully intended to ride him like a cowgirl, but first I needed to get his dick good and wet.

Let me just say that I’ve sucked a lot of dicks in my day. Short, skinny, long and fat, I’ve blown them all—and ridden them, too. But of all the dicks I’ve loved before, Leonard’s was my absolute favorite to suck, up to that point. With the perfect thickness and length, his member curved just a little bit, allowing me to easily take him deep down my throat.

While my mouth worked Leonard as if he were a melting ice pop, my fingers stroked his balls. The thin, hair-dusted skin felt like that of ripe apricots warmed by the hot summer sun. I tickled his sac, teasing him with gentle caresses as I methodically slid my lips

we were both settled in, I rhythmically undulated my hips and slowly slid his dick in and out of my pussy.

When I angled myself just right, my clit swept against Leonard’s pelvis with every downward plunge. It was pure bliss. I closed my eyes, tossed my head back and rode that man with reckless abandon.

At one point, I swear I heard the front door’s chiming bells warning us that someone had entered, but no one disturbed us. That means if anyone had gotten an eyeful of us, they’d made a hasty retreat. But I didn’t give a fuck. All that mattered at that moment was me and Leonard—and our insatiable need to get one another off.

I was close to climaxing, and Leonard definitely wasn’t far behind. The man couldn’t even form words. A series of totally unintelligible groans and grunts were all that fell from his lips—just the way I like it.

I continued to bounce on his boner, and when Leonard reached out and wriggled his thumb against my clit, he

“Taking matters into my own hands, I reached down and started to finger-fuck myself.”

up and down his formidable rod.

Despite having had only a short time together, I could still tell when Leonard was close to coming based on how hard he pulled my hair. When he yanked enough to make my scalp sting, I knew it was time to stop sucking and start fucking.

The bar was slippery with wine and our sweat, but I didn’t let that stop me. I straddled Leonard’s hips and took hold of his dick with my fist, carefully aiming its bell-shaped head at my center. As I descended, my drenched pussy swallowed him up in one smooth motion, and I groaned, “Oh fuck.”

Feeling so full and packed with cock was amazing.

I reached around my back and cradled Leonard’s balls in my palm again. Once

triggered my climactic explosion. My pussy rippled and twitched around his cock, rhythmically squeezing him in its vise-like grip until he fell over the edge with me.

Like most nights, we hadn’t bothered with a condom. I felt the rush of his release filling me up with jet after jet of cream. I rode that man’s spurting dick until I’d drained every last drop of pleasure from each of us.

That night was one of the last we spent together. But when you know your days and nights are numbered, you’re much more committed to making them count. I’ll miss the serious academic, who loved to give me multiple orgasms. But I’m confident there’s another one much like him out there somewhere. And when we meet, our love affair will be one for the books!





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A close-up photograph of a person's lips coated in vibrant pink lipstick. A thin, light-colored object, possibly a piece of straw or a cigarette, is held between the lips. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the person's face and hair.

SPOTLIGHT ON OPEN SEASON

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Best friends leave their inhibitions—
and their husbands—behind to
embark on an erotic adventure.

BY CAROL PARKER



The vacation thing was becoming an issue—in both my marriage and Dorothy's. Dorothy is my best friend. We'd gone to school together, been one another's maids of honor, etc. She's a huge part of my life.

I was married to Liam, and Dorothy was wedded to Jason. Summer had finally arrived, and both our husbands had been promising us a vacation, one we'd all go on together, like an extended marital double date.

Liam and Jason worked for the same company, and they'd been hinting for a week that they might not be able to get away from work, after all.

"I swear," I said to Dorothy over an evening glass of wine, "if they renege, I'm going to lose my shit."

"You and me both, sister." She grimly clinked glasses with me.

She and I both worked, too, of course, and we'd managed to secure vacation

time. We hadn't yet booked a destination, though something in the Caribbean sounded nice. Now, however, the whole damn thing seemed close to falling apart on us.

The next day the axe came down. Liam sheepishly came to me and said there was a project he and Jason couldn't abandon. It felt like a gut punch. I'd been working my butt off for months—and Dorothy, too—to make sure we had a chunk of free time to go enjoy life some.

Despite what I'd said to Dorothy, I didn't flip out. I loved my husband, and I understood the bind he was in. My disappointment was extreme, but I would have to learn to live with it, I figured.

Still, my dreams of tropical summer sex were rapidly evaporating. I'd been planning on ravaging Liam day and night. Having the rug pulled out from under me left me in a state of bitter horniness.

"Jason and I talked it over," he continued. "We feel you and Dorothy should go somewhere together—just the

two of you. It's only fair. What do you think, Carol?"

Suddenly, I was full of excitement. Dorothy and me cutting loose together? We'd been hell-raisers in college, partying and dating and just plain hooking up like it was all going out of style.

What would it be like for us now, as a pair of married chicks?

I convened with Dorothy that night and discovered Jason had floated the idea past her at exactly the same time Liam had with me. She, too, was bristling with anticipation. We both thought a girls' getaway would be awesome. But where to go? My fantasies of an island destination had all included Liam in full-on stud mode.

"Let's do it old school. A road trip!" she suddenly exclaimed. She stumbled over her own words in her excitement. "It'll be like that movie—'Ella & Lois!'"

I laughed at her mistake, but understood her intended reference. But



I had no intention of driving off a cliff.

However, a deeper enthusiasm began to flower within me, an exhilaration I hadn't felt in some while. It was the old hellcat in me, the slinky party girl eager for a good time.

Dorothy and I finalized our plans. Since we didn't have to worry about plane fare, we decided to rent ourselves a spacious convertible. We would just hit the road, driving whichever way our whims took us.

As the days passed, my naughty-girl feeling stayed with me. I knew I was still a hot piece of ass, but marriage—happy though it was—had taken some of the edge off me. Although it seemed that attitude was trying to roar back to life.

On the night before we were set to leave, Liam dealt me a serious surprise. We'd just made love and were nuzzling together, when he said, "I want you to have fun on this trip, babe. I mean... whatever kind of fun you want. You deserve it."

I blinked in the dark, and with suspicion lacing my voice, I asked, "What do you mean?"

"Jason and I talked about it. We screwed up our vacation plans and feel bad. You and Dorothy should have a free pass to do anything you like on this road trip."

I was stunned—and quite moved. Again, Dorothy got the same pitch from her man. We were both still in a state of amazement when we said goodbye to our spouses the next morning and pulled out of town in the big convertible.

We hit the highway with the top down and the music blaring. Dorothy let out a howl, and I matched it. She was clearly feeling the same sense of exhilaration.

"It's like the old days!" I shouted.

It wasn't entirely, of course. We weren't currently hooked up with random guys or bouncing from party to party. We were just two married women driving fast on a road to nowhere. But I felt so damn free.

"Hey," Dorothy said, "remember that one party?"

I knew what she meant before she even launched into the story. It was one of our favorites from our university days that we would sometimes reminisce

about over glasses of wine.

We'd gotten word of a house party off campus. It was our routine to cruise any gathering for hot guys. Not that we always picked up, but it was fun to flirt and soak up attention.

That night, though, I remembered feeling especially horny. Dorothy and I were both working hard to keep up our grades, and by the weekend I was full of pent-up stress that needed relieving.

At the party, which was a wild one, we hit it off with a pair of good-looking guys name Curt and Derek. They were both smart and witty and doing their best to be appealing. I traded looks with Dorothy, and we decided to cut to the chase.

Curt lived at the house where the party was being held. At my

"I tasted Dorothy's pussy on his cock as I sucked him down to his balls."

suggestion, he led us up to his bedroom. He invited us in and then locked the door behind us. There was a bed and a futon. Curt and I sat on the mattress. Dorothy and Derek went to the futon, where they started making out.

Curt and I did the same. He was a good kisser. His tongue moved quickly but not sloppily. When he tentatively touched my breast through my blouse, I sighed with pleasure. After that, his touches got more bold.

I groped him right back as my excitement rose. I wanted to fuck him, but I was very aware of Dorothy and Derek on the other side of the room. But when I glanced over, panting with lust, I saw they were halfway undressed and showing no signs of bashfulness.

By that point, I figured Dorothy and I'd done nearly everything else together. It was probably just a matter of time before we screwed guys in the same room.

Curt and I tore each other out of our clothes. I took hold of his throbbing cock, while he fingered my pussy. Excitement burned inside me, stiffening my nipples and making my clit hum. Curt wasted no time diddling my love nub. In seconds, I was ready for him to screw me silly.

I climbed on top of him, fitting his thick knob against the entrance of my pussy. As I lowered myself onto his sturdy shaft, pleasure bloomed through me. I planted my palms on his hard pecs and ground down on him, taking every inch of his glorious erection.

Curt's strong hands clapped over my hips. As I started to ride him, he lifted me up and pulled me down, making sure I landed hard on him with every downstroke. I liked that. I bounced even more energetically on him as he also thrust up into me. Pleasure built in me, and I felt my climax coming on strong, sending vibrations into every corner of my body. All my tensions were culminating, and thanks to that hot stud, I knew I would soon find release.

Two voices cried out at the same time. I whipped my head around, having somehow forgotten about Dorothy and Derek. They were in the throes of what was obviously a mutual climax. Dorothy looked beautiful as orgasmic fire consumed her.

Seeing her reaction set me off, and my pussy clenched around Curt's cock. Seconds later, I felt him shoot ropes of hot come up into me. I was consumed by sexual bliss as my orgasm rocked me.

Afterward, I climbed off and lay back on the rumpled bed, happy and sated. My eyes were closed when I felt Curt get up. A minute later, I thought he was climbing back onto the bed, and I was entertaining the idea of another go-round, depending on how quick he could recover.

But when I opened my eyes, I saw naked Derek had lain down beside me. He asked, "Do you want to?"

His dick was already halfway hard, and I thought he was at least as cute as Curt.

I glanced past him, over at the futon where Curt was lying with Dorothy. She



and I exchanged wild grins.

I lay back and let Derek climb aboard. He slid his cock inside me and started stroking in and out of my snatch. Fresh pleasure awoke from the ashes of the old. Soon I was pumping my hips upward, my fingers raking his back as he pounded me relentlessly.

The four orgasms that next wracked the room's occupants came one after the other. Physical joy consumed me as I let out a celebratory moan, followed by those of Dorothy, Derek and Curt.

Back in the present, Dorothy and I were crossing warm desert country as she finished summarizing that night, one I would never be able to forget. It struck me that we were literally free to do something like that again. We actually had our husbands' permission, and the notion still astounded me.

I wasn't sure I would do anything like that on our trip. I loved Liam and had

never seriously considered cheating on him. I knew Dorothy felt the same about Jason. Maybe we would just cruise around the highways, taking in random sights.

But if we wanted to, we could grab us some strange cock!

That evening, we pulled into a motel in a medium-sized town, booked a room, asked the desk clerk for a good restaurant and headed out to dinner.

As we finished eating, Dorothy said, "We should hit a bar, and see what the local action's like."

I bit my lip, but then replied, "I guess it wouldn't hurt to look."

Despite my initial reaction, I felt a stirring deep in my pussy. Dorothy's eyes glittered with mischief. We both knew what we were potentially getting ourselves into—but we were helpless to stop ourselves.

We went to a nearby honky-tonk. There

was a band playing and a good-sized crowd dancing. We didn't even reach the bar before two guys offered to buy us beers. They were a nice-looking pair and gave off good vibes, so we accepted their hospitality.

"I'm Pete. This is my buddy Nate," said one.

"I'm Ella," I said. "This is my best friend, Lois."

Dorothy snorted into her beer, but went along with it.

We drank and chatted with the guys. It was obvious they were interested in boning us. Natural attraction did its work, and Pete gravitated toward me, while Nate drifted in Dorothy's direction.

When our bottles were dry, we hit the dance floor. Pete had good moves. I liked how he worked his body and found myself moving closer to him. My heart was racing. I hadn't danced like that with a man other than Liam in a long time.



Desire was growing in me, and there was no denying it. I let my body bump against Pete's, feeling his bulging erection.

When the song ended, I excused myself, grabbed Dorothy and hurried her into the restroom. I was about to ask her if she thought we could, well, maybe start to think about doing something with the guys, when she cut me off.

"I want Nate. Tonight. Now. Do you want to bring Pete back to the motel, too?"

There it was. Black and white. We do this, or we don't.

"I want him," I heard myself say.

We went back out and asked them if they'd like to come to our room. They didn't have to think about it. They followed our convertible in their own car. Everything felt dreamy and surreal. The night had a strange glow to it, and my spirit was light, like I could have floated back to the motel.

Our room had two beds, separated by a few feet. I took Pete's hand and towed him to one, while Dorothy escorted Nate to the other. Both men wore excited

looks on their handsome faces. They'd probably never imagined their night would work out so well.

I stood at the foot of the bed, still holding Pete's hand. I waited to feel a surge of guilt, but all I heard was Liam's voice, telling me to have fun—and that was what I intended to do.

Pete moved and kissed me. I mashed my mouth against his, spearing my tongue past his lips. He met my thrust with one of his own, kissing me back ardently as his arms enclosed me. I pressed up against his hard body and ground my crotch shamelessly on his, feeling his stiff erection.

Peripherally, I was aware of Dorothy doing similar stuff with her guy. It was like that bygone night happening all over again. We would screw in the same room.

Emboldened, I embraced that exhibitionistic aspect. I tugged at Pete's clothes, stripping him bare. When he started undressing me, I helped, and soon I was naked, too. His rock-hard cock stood straight out, and I wrapped my fingers around his shaft, squeezing it

firmly. Pete groaned with delight.

I led him up onto the bed. Side by side, we kissed wildly. His callused fingers closed over my breast, and I moaned with pleasure as he squeezed. He caught my stiff nipple between two fingers and applied pressure, thrilling me.

I ran my hands over his body, groping his firm butt. I reached between us and cradled his balls. His cockhead throbbed against my flat belly.

He shifted and kissed his way down my neck. He moved further downward, pausing to suck my tits. My body felt so alive, so attuned, and yet it felt, on one level, like it belonged to someone else. In a way, maybe it did. I was Ella, after all! But none of that diminished the rising tide of sexual joy I felt.

When I recognized what Pete was up to, I shifted onto my back and spread my legs. He slipped down between them, kissing my stomach and playfully flicking his tongue into my navel. I squealed with happiness.

He continued moving down until his breath tickled my damp pussy lips, and I lifted my head to watch him lick me.



His tongue swiped up and down my slit, making me tremble.

When he plunged his tongue into me, my hips bucked. Next, he zeroed in skillfully on my swollen clit. I rolled my head on the pillow, gasping with every new surge of pleasure. Climactic energy gathered within me. I reached between my legs for Pete's head, laced my fingers into his hair and came with a groan. It was fantastic.

Afterward, I went slack with post-orgasmic contentment. I glanced over and saw Dorothy and Nate going at it energetically.

My postcoital daze cleared as Pete climbed atop me. He set his cockhead to my well-licked pussy. I grinned, nodding, and he immediately pushed inside. I gasped again, relishing the sensation of a stranger's cock. I didn't know Pete's last name. Heck, he didn't even actually know my first. But that night he was my lover.

He stroked into me. I lifted my knees toward my shoulders, inviting every inch of him inside, and he plowed me deep—his mouth glistening with my pussy juices. Impulsively, I pulled his face down and kissed him, tasting my own flavor.

That bold act seemed to excite him seriously. He fucked me harder and faster. I heard and felt the meaty slaps of his flesh against my body.

I bucked my hips to match his furious strokes. His whole body was quivering and getting ready to unload.

I was right there with him, primed for my second climax. As he released a final moan and started jetting, I was swept away by ecstasy on his hot spurts of cream.

From the other bed, I heard the sounds of similar orgasmic throes. Nate must have just shot his spunk into Dorothy, carrying her off to carnal nirvana based on the noises she made.

Eventually, Pete rolled off me and lay with half-lidded eyes, his mouth slack in a dreamy smile.

Dorothy and I stood up at the same time, so in sync we didn't even need to coordinate ourselves. We were of the same mind, determined to recreate that crazy night of long ago.

We paused to high-five each other in passing, then leaned in for a kiss. Her

“His come shot up into me as I climaxed. It was like fireworks, freedom and ecstasy.”



lips were lovely and soft, and the contact kindled an unexpected pleasure in me. She gave my tit a gentle squeeze, and I reached around to briefly grope her ass.

Then we each went on our way, heading for the other bed, where a spent man lay.

Nate didn't seem to realize what was going on until I was hunkered between his legs, cradling his nuts and lowering my mouth to his half-hard organ. I wanted him fully erect, and blowing him was the easiest way to get him there, I figured.

I tasted Dorothy's cunt on his cock as I sucked him down to his balls. The flavor further aroused me. Nate must have been getting a thrill out of my effort, too, since he got as hard as a steel shaft in a matter of seconds.

On the other bed, Dorothy was reviving Pete with some oral worship of her own. I

hoped she liked my taste on his rod.

I climbed onto Nate and lowered my pussy onto his cock. He gazed up at me longingly, reaching up to caress my tits. I started riding him, and a fresh swell of pleasure flared through my body.

I didn't dally. I rocked on him with merciless joy. My head whipped from side to side, and the mattress squeaked beneath us. A fiery rapture opened up within me. As it started to take me, Nate cried out, “Ella! Ella!”

His come shot up into me as I climaxed. It was like fireworks, freedom and ecstasy. Incredible.

The guys didn't stay the night. We sent them on their way, then Dorothy and I stood there, naked and sweaty, before taking each other's hands and heading to the nearest bed. We'd done everything else together, so why not? 



WHO'S THAT GIRL?

STUNNING SUTTIN SIZZLES.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM FRANK







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TRUE CONFESSIONS

BIG SPENDER

An amateur model takes to the catwalk, revealing her banging body—and her penchant for older men.

BY BRIDGETT COLLINS





While I was having lunch with my best friend, Stacey, she casually mentioned she was traveling to a private men's club in Mississippi to participate in a fashion show and auction to raise money for charity. It sounded noble at first, but when I pressed her for more info, she confessed the event was "rather risqué."

That piqued my interest.

Stacey could tell I was intrigued and elaborated, "The risqué part is that the attendees get to bid on the clothes the models are wearing, and the winner gets to remove the items from the models right there onstage in front of everyone! Bras and panties, too. Can you believe it?"

Stacey opened up even more once she'd dropped that bombshell. She told me about the club, which consisted mainly of middle-aged, well-to-do men. She called them "cue-ball businessmen," as she alluded to their balding pates.

I listened intently to her every word, my heart racing with excitement.

I've always been an exhibitionist. Whether it was streaking in college, playing strip poker in the dorms or walking nude from the bedroom to the bathroom in front of a boyfriend's roommate, being buck naked in view of others has always been a turn-on for me.

"I heard they were short on volunteer models," Stacey said coyly. "Why don't you give them a call? Could be fun."

Her tone was teasing, but I could tell from the look on her face that she realized the event had my name written all over it. If I had two fetishes, they would be public nudity and sexy bald men.

Stacey was getting a kick out of teasing me, but I started wondering if I still had the body for such a stunt. I'm 31, but in my defense, my typical daily diet consisted of fish and greens. I also worked out three days a week. All of that had helped keep my five-foot-six, 120-pound frame taut and toned. But would I still measure up under such blatant scrutiny?

I've got to do this, I thought to myself.

I did indeed give the organizers a call, and they were delighted to add

me to the lineup—especially because Stacey had to bail! At the last minute, she was called to take a deposition on behalf of her law firm and had to skip the event. She wasn't happy about it, but she urged me to go on without her and ordered, "Have fun!"

The club headquarters were at a grand estate with paneled walls, plush furniture, beautiful draperies and an ornate fireplace in almost every room. I learned it was the former residence of a wealthy, dearly departed local.

The fashion show proper took place in the ballroom, in which a large stage had been erected at one end. Twenty-four tables, each seating eight men, faced the stage.

From the sidelines, I eagerly watched the festivities, feeling myself growing more turned on as I watched beautiful woman after beautiful woman bare all for the guys, who were growing increasing vocal as the night wore on.

I was the last model of the night, and by the time I was introduced, the boozy crowd had gotten pretty rowdy, raucously expressing their appreciation of the evening's eye candy with a chorus of hoots, howls and whistles.

I emerged from behind the curtain dressed in a formal gown, which was cut low in the front to emphasize my C-cup breasts, and the train of my dress swept the floor in dramatic fashion as I walked toward the edge of the stage.

"Our final items of the evening will be presented by beautiful Bridgett, a true Southern belle," the host announced. "Now, open your wallets. We'll start the bidding for Ms. Collins's size seven heels at \$500. Do I have \$500?"

The shoes sold for \$750, the necklace for \$300 and the glamorous gown went for \$2,000. When I was down to a blue silk bra and matching panties, I felt the energy in the room rise as the more excitable members stood, clapped and prematurely screamed out their bids. As the crowd roared, I realized that for most of the men there, I was just the right age to fuel their fantasies—young enough to still look good, but old enough to know my own body and to have the self-confidence to go after what I craved in the bedroom.

The bidding for my bra started at

\$1,000 and hit \$1,600 before the gavel finally fell. A muscled guy in his late 30s jogged up the steps to the stage to retrieve his prize. I turned to allow him to unfasten my bra, and when I stripped it off and faced him once more, he eyed my breasts lasciviously. Then he turned toward the crowd, twirled my bra on his finger and pumped his other fist at his small group of friends, who were all applauding and egging him on.

"Well, well," the host said, trying to tease out the last few dollars from the wealthy audience. "Bridgett is nearly in her birthday suit, folks. Another courageous woman giving her all for

"He moaned as I slipped my plump lips down his shaft, taking him from tip to base."

our local restoration projects."

After a short pause, he spoke quickly as if he was racing to get out his words and declared, "The bidding for Ms. Bridgett's panties will start at \$1,500."

The crowd went bonkers, and so did a certain part of me. The room had gotten warm. The lights were shining on me. The cheering was boisterous. It felt like I was on a Broadway stage. I was so turned on that I felt my temperature soaring uncontrollably, and I couldn't wait to be relieved of my last undergarment. Reveling in the attention, I spun in a tight circle, wiggling my silk-sheathed ass and further delighting the assembly.

The winning bid of \$2,500 went to a handsome older man in his early 40s, who—oh my God—was bald but for a swath of close-cropped hair around the sides and back of his head. He had a professional appearance, but I guessed he was also a runner based on his

strong shoulders and narrow waist. I was already worked up, but my arousal skyrocketed as I watched him take the stage. I have always been attracted to bald men. I don't know why, but what I did know was that for me nothing had ever been more sexually thrilling than placing my hands on a man's smooth head as he went down on me. I couldn't pretend I wasn't excited as the hunk approached me to claim his prize.

As he took a knee before me, the DJ began playing "Celebration" by Kool & the Gang to announce the night had reached its climax, and the crowd was eating it up.

Reaching behind me, the night's last benefactor placed his hands on my lower back and ran his fingers over my bottom, slipping my panties slightly down my hips. Then he paused, partially glanced over his shoulder at the crowd and wagged his eyebrows. Boy, this guy was quite the showman, and everyone—including me—was enjoying it. He was so much more fun than the goober who'd bid on my bra.

He inched down the front of my underwear in fits and starts until my dark bush appeared, and then he flashed a wolfish smile at the crowd one final time before pushing my panties to my ankles and fully exposing me to the audience.

Due to his position, his mouth was near my pussy. He gazed at me with this "I have to have you now" look and smiled. I almost lost it right there. My nipples were fully erect, my face felt flushed and my pussy seemed to be seeping molten honey. I wondered if the entire hall could tell I was hopelessly turned on.

I couldn't hold back any longer. I reached down and rubbed his head and said aloud, "Oh my God, I love bald guys." And then, looking down, I said to him, "You're so sexy."

If the club members didn't love me before, they sure did now. Another round of hoots and hollers came from the mostly 40- and 50-year-old dudes. I was so obviously horny at that point; my heaving breasts and blushing face had given away my secret.

"Well, that's the end of our evening. Let's give all our wonderful volunteer models a big round of applause," the



host said, gesturing toward me.

David, the high bidder for my panties, happened to be former college football star, who was now a doctor. He'd introduced himself, took my hand and walked me backstage. Before we made it to the changing room, he stopped briefly to hand over a substantial check to the club's bean counters, who sat at a table just out of sight of the stage.

Although he was polite and social with everyone, there was no question in my mind about whether or not he'd join me in the changing area.

The now-empty space, which had earlier been bustling with models, was outfitted with high-end brown leather sofas, deep-seated easy chairs, a 12-foot oak table, a brick fireplace and dark-stained hardwood floors.

My own clothes were still hanging on a freestanding corner rack—exactly where I'd left them. But I was in no rush

to put them back on—or leave.

David was dressed in a dark blue blazer and slacks with a white dress shirt. He had an olive complexion, with a strong chin and thin lips. The little brown hair he had was peppered with gray. He was one of the most sexy men I'd ever encountered. But even better, he wasn't trying to mask his interest in me. He stared into my eyes with a penetrating gaze, and then he glanced down the length of my body in a seductive way that was more intimate than sexual—like a slow kiss as opposed to a frantic tangle of tongues.

I wondered if he could smell the scent of my aroused pussy, which felt impossibly wet.

"I rubbed your head," I said, laughing and rolling my eyes in an apologetic manner. "I'm so sorry. I hope I didn't embarrass you. I've always been attracted to bald guys, and you have

such a perfectly shaped head. I know I sound like a loon. But you're so handsome."

I needn't have worried about how he felt about my actions. He simply smiled back with perfectly straight, white teeth and a calm repose, telling me he didn't mind one bit.

There was no doubt he was aroused, too, but he seemed as if he'd mastered his own desire. That told me he was the sort of man who might have a throbbing hard-on, but would still wait for his partner to come first.

"You are the most beautiful woman I've ever met," he said, looking into my eyes and taking a step closer, so we were standing in one another's space. I looked down to see a substantial bulge in his pants.

There was a long pause. Flattered, I was enjoying the moment, and for a heartbeat I didn't know what to say next.



"You did your part for a good cause," he said, breaking the silence.

"Yes, a great cause," I replied, moving even closer, so my erect nipples brushed against his chest. My streaming cunt was inches away from his trousers. I knew if I rubbed up against him that I'd stain his pants with my juice. He put his arms around my waist and leaned forward until his lips were pressed to mine, and then our tongues touched. It was comfortable, almost familiar, like we'd done it a hundred times before. And then we began moving in a sensual rhythm, his hands holding my face and our hips unconsciously grinding. Our natural impulses were getting the best of us.

My fingers moved to quickly unbutton David's dress shirt and pull his white undershirt over his head. His chest was hairy and firm. I'd been trying to match his patience, but my desire had grown too much. I unfastened his belt and

pants and then eased down his boxers, exposing his hard cock. His erection was standing tall and proud, and I dropped to my knees in front of him.

Leaning forward, I parted my lips and took the head of his dick into my mouth. He moaned as I slipped my plump lips down his shaft, taking him fully from tip to base. As I bobbed on his rod, I used one hand to jerk him off and the second to massage his balls.

David was patient; he didn't instinctively grab the back of my head and push forward like a selfish frat boy. Instead, he ran his hands through my hair and let me consume him at my own pace. I tickled his crown with my tongue, ran my lips along the underside of his meaty shaft and nibbled on his testicles, eliciting moans of satisfaction from him. When I sensed he might be close to climaxing, I backed off. He exhaled and swore softly as he got his bearings. I suggested we move

to a couch. I went first, reclining and opening my legs in invitation, exposing my wet cunt.

David didn't waste any time. Starting at my feet, he nibbled his way upward, teasing my toes, ankles, knees and thighs. Everything about me was new to him, and he seemed intent to savor every bit of me. When he reached my pussy, he gently stroked my thighs. His large hands nearly reached halfway around each leg. But he had the softest skin and perfectly manicured fingernails. He buried his face between my legs. All I could see was the naked crown of his beautiful, bald head as he licked me. His tongue traveled up and down my slit teasingly before drawing tempting circles around my clitoris. I groaned, craving the full contact he was so far denying me.

David's deep blue eyes peered up from my bush with a gaze that was both hypnotic and energizing. He pressed



his tongue upward to apply pressure to my clit, and then he sealed his lips around my swollen button. He swirled his tongue around that sensitive nub, somehow mimicking the same strokes I use when getting myself off.

He patiently flicked his tongue over my clit in the perfect rhythm and before long instinctively increased his pace. Babbling and moaning, I encouraged him to make me come. I needn't have wasted the breath because he was intent on taking me over the edge. As I clutched the top of his smooth head, David tongued me until my climax wracked me with delicious spasms of ecstasy.

Once I'd caught my breath, I released him from my grip and dropped open my thighs, which had been hugging his face.

"Fuck me," I told him. "I need your cock in me now."

David, ever the gentleman, didn't make me wait. I reclined on the sofa, and he covered my writhing body with his as he eased his cock into my overflowing my pussy. His dick was of average length, but his impressive girth took my breath away.

I was losing control and happily turned my body over to him. With my legs spread as wide as I could open them, I placed my hands on the sides of his bald head and looked deep into his eyes as he thrust his cock into me over and over, in slow, controlled movements. I was both aroused and at peace as I listened to the sound of our bodies smacking together, inhaled the scent of his skin and felt the warmth of his breath and the strength of his thighs and cock. Was it just a continuation of the thrill of exposing myself that made our sex fantastic, or had this man mastered the art of slow-burn sex?

He was mesmerizing me.

David's pace gradually quickened, and his stare took on a hazy appearance a second before he announced, "I'm coming!"

He pulled out of my pussy, which had never stopped spasming with orgasmic aftershocks, and shot his pearly load on my chest and neck. He pumped his shaft as I reached forward to milk his balls of every last ounce of cream. With his goo still dripping down my breasts, I laid back and asked him to fuck me one

"David tongued me until my climax wracked me with delicious spasms of ecstasy."

more time because his cock was still largely erect.

David was game and entered me again. He was in amazing shape and recovered almost immediately; I felt his rod stiffening anew inside my quivering snatch.

He clutched my shoulders and pumped his manhood into me at a relaxed pace. He seemed totally focused on my pleasure and almost jovial about pleasing me. He smiled, giving me soft kisses while we fucked leisurely. This went on for much longer than our first session as he slowly worked my body until I began feeling a familiar eruption rising from my core. Then finally, I surrendered to my ecstasy once more.

"Yes, yes" were the only words I could muster. I grabbed his ass cheeks to pull his dick deeper inside me as we rocked our bodies until the last of my intense climactic spasms faded.

Finally sated, we lay together exchanging passionate kisses. Then we turned on our sides to face one another. He looked suddenly anxious and uncertain.

"I know this was sudden and unexpected. But do you think we could do this again sometime?" he asked.

"I'd like that," I told him with a grin.

"Good," he said, running his fingers through my hair.

David kissed me again, and his tongue darted between my lips for one last tease.

"We should get dressed before anyone barges in and finds us naked," he said.

He was right. It was amazing that we'd had enough of an uninterrupted stretch of time for our rendezvous.

We quickly threw on our clothes, and then walked out into the night hand in hand, hopeful about what the future might hold. ☺





MASTERFUL

SKIN LOVES A TAKE-CHARGE GUY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUKE COOLHAND













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COPIA



DOUBLING UP

Susie was my best ever gal pal. She was also... well, let's call her a sex enthusiast. Her history and experience were pretty breathtaking, and I loved how unapologetic she was about it.

On top of being a damn good friend, she was a valuable resource to me. Whenever I wanted to know about anything that concerned sex, Susie could provide me with a firsthand account.

The other day, we took our coffees out onto her back deck. She had a nice view, and we talked lazily in the afternoon sun.

Finally, she set down her mug, fixed me with a knowing gaze from her patio chair and said, "OK, Denise. Out with it."

I gave her an innocent look and asked, "With what?"

"With whatever lascivious curiosity is

buzzing around in that pretty little head of yours."

It was our usual dance, a playful bit of banter. She knew me, and I had in fact come there that day to ask her questions of a sexual nature, as I often did.

"Well," I said with mock reluctance, "there is something I have been wondering about."

"Let me guess. Some sordid sex act you've never done, but you want to try?"

"Um, yes."

"And you figure I've done it already and can talk you through it?"

"Er, yeah."

Susie sighed in mock exasperation and said, "Very well." Then she grinned and leaned toward me. "Tell me."

Of course, I knew she liked being my fount of carnal wisdom. It gave her the chance to brag about her exploits.

"OK," I said. I, too, leaned forward

in my chair. "You know I've had a threeway."

"As I recall, I set you up with Jane and Jamal, so you could explore that particular act."

"Yes, and it was awesome." It really had been. Rolling around with those two, sucking Jane's tits and licking her pussy, while Jamal pounded me with his big cock. A cherished memory. "I want to try something like that again."

"Like it, how?"

"With two guys," I blurted out, suddenly anxious. Despite how open I'd always been with Susie, I could still get shy sometimes.

She reached out and gently took my hands. All the fake sternness went out of her lovely face as she said, "There's nothing wrong with wanting that, Denise."

I felt a rush of relief and told her, "I even have the two men picked out. You

remember I told you I'm dating Huck and Trevor? They each know about the other, and I've been putting out hints about all of us going to bed together."

"How have they taken it?"

"They both seem hot for it."

She squeezed my hands gleefully and said, "That's great! Sounds like you're good to go."

"I know you've done the male-male-female ménage before. How does it work, exactly?"

She looked thoughtful, taking my question seriously.

"Well, my dear, what kind of threeway do you have in mind? Are Trevor and Huck bi? Do you want it to be a sexual free-for-all, where everybody's doing everything to everyone else?"

"They're both straight. Could that be a problem?" Actually, it was the thing I'd been wondering nervously about the most.

"Well, there's straight and there's *straight*. Are these guys going to get uptight about seeing another man naked? Threeways get wonderfully sloppy sometimes. Stray hands touch body parts. Will they freak out?"

"I don't think so. But I—frankly—want me to be the focus. I've had this long-running fantasy about being double penetrated. You know, one cock in my pussy and one in my ass at the same time."

"Oh! One of my favorites," she said with a grin. "You'll love it. But your two fellas...they'll have to be OK with a little accidental man-on-man intimacy. I mean, if they've got you sandwiched between them, their balls may mash together when they're doing your holes. They'll be able to feel each other's cocks when they're inside you. If they're good with that, you're in for a lovely experience."

So Susie sent me away with the knowledge I'd been looking for, as well as a detailed description of several similar threeways she'd previously engaged in. There had even been one episode where her two bisexual male lovers got so into one another that she'd ended up lying back, cheerfully fingering herself and watching the rainbow fireworks. She said it was "the best live queer sex show of my life."

But it was still a week before I got up the nerve to propose the idea to

my two boyfriends. I did it on the same day, meeting up first with Huck, then Trevor. They both immediately said yes to my proposal.

The next night, we all met at a club. I had to make sure they didn't act weird toward each other before we ended up in my bedroom. Trevor and Huck shook hands, and it was all very friendly. I sensed only their churning anticipation, an eagerness to get to it.

We left our drinks half-finished, and I took the men to my apartment, tingling with my own intense excitement. I led them confidently into the bedroom, but then there came a fraught moment where I stood frozen, suddenly unsure of myself. I knew what I wanted. But where did I get the gall to think I was worthy of these two hot guys at the same time?

**"Somehow they
matched rhythms,
and I was rocked
deliriously
between them."**

Susie would have called it a last-minute neurotic glitch. I shook it off. Of course I was worth it! I was a sexy, desirable woman who was going to have one of her most urgent fantasies fulfilled.

I reached out and drew both men toward me. They pressed me on either side. I kissed Huck, then turned and did the same to Trevor. There was no bad reaction from either guy. Then I did it the other way around, glad nobody got weird about saliva.

Boldly, I put my hands on their crotches. Their cocks were both seriously hard. While I rubbed those enticing bulges, Huck started feeling up my tits and Trevor began kneading my ass.

They both kissed my throat as I put

my head back, sighing with pleasure.

We paused only to strip. Then, taking their cocks in hand, I towed both naked men onto the bed with me. They were similarly built, a pair of nicely muscled studs.

I lay between them, and their hands groped my breasts. My nipples grew as stiff as pebbles, and my pussy flowed freely. I let my hands roam over the masculine bodies hemming me in so deliciously.

They reached for my pussy at the same time. Some silent signal passed across me, and Trevor was the one who proceeded to trace his fingertips up and down my groove. I mewled with rising happiness. He delved inside, his fingers sinking into me. My clit throbbed with serious need, and he didn't neglect me. He stroked and teased and grazed, and he finally gave me a forceful diddling.

Huck, meanwhile, shifted down and sucked on my right tit. He nibbled my sensitive nipple, adding to the pleasure Trevor was giving me.

When my climax hit, it shook me to my core. My spasming pussy clasped Trevor's digits, and I raked my fingers through Huck's hair.

Afterward, I was adrift on a sensual sea of satisfaction. But Huck was no longer sucking my tit. He was moving further down my body and settled between my legs. I draped my thighs over his strong shoulders, and he started licking my pussy. I realized Trevor's fingers were still holding my pussy lips spread open. Huck was tonguing me deep, aided by his sexual comrade-in-arms.

Huck had a skillful tongue. He worked me in and out, lavishing attention on my clit, as well. He brought me up to the brink, then—again, as if by way of a wordless signal—the two men switched. Suddenly, it was Trevor's tongue inside me, with Huck's fingers spreading my lips.

I came hard against Trevor's mouth.

It was only fair for me to give my two lovely gentlemen some oral attention in return. Huck sat up on his knees, bracing his hands behind himself. His vein-lined cock practically pointed straight at the ceiling. Eagerly, I knelt before him. I took gentle hold of his balls and swiped my tongue all over his fat cockhead.



He squirmed with pleasure as I dropped my mouth down his shaft. I took him all the way—gag reflex be damned. His flavor filled my mouth, and I felt him throbbing. Every time I plunged down on him, he thrust upward, giving me the satisfaction of feeling his cockhead massaging my throat.

I didn't suck him to completion, though. I pulled away and found Trevor waiting his turn in the same position. I swallowed him down to his nutsac, swirling my tongue up and down his staff. A growl of pure lust climbed through his throat.

But I didn't take him all the way either. Instead, I came up, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. I grinned at my two primed studs. This time there was no hesitation, no glitch. I deserved this!

"I want to be fucked," I said. "I want you in my pussy, and you up my ass!" I

pointed arbitrarily, sure that either man would be more than happy with either hole. Besides, they were obviously good at sharing. They could always switch whenever they wanted.

Their faces lit with raw hunger as I lay down on my left side. Trevor was facing me, his eyes ablaze. I hooked a hand under my knee and raised my leg. Huck shifted behind me, and hot breath brushed the nape of my neck. He rubbed the length of his cock in the valley between my ass cheeks. His cock was still slick with my spit.

Trevor eased forward first, slotting his cockhead into my waiting pussy. I grasped him with my inner muscles as he entered me. Then Huck pressed as close as possible against my back. He took hold of his cock and pushed his knob against my asshole. He didn't rush; he knew I needed a few seconds to adjust. Trevor's cock in my

pussy was already lighting me up with pleasure. That made it easier to take Huck, as he slowly sank into my ass.

"Yes!" I hissed. "Now both of you—fuck me!"

They went at me like pistons. It was incredible. Somehow they matched rhythms, and I was rocked deliriously between them. Trevor thrust his tongue into my mouth, and Huck reached around from behind to squeeze my tits.

An orgasmic frenzy swept over me. Soon, I was embroiled in a nonstop climax with two cocks storming my holes. My pussy was on fire, and my ass raged with pleasure.

I was crying out when they contrived to shoot their hot loads at the same instant. I felt every jet, front and back, as I writhed between those two men—thankful for my dream made reality.

—D.L., Portland, Maine

BROTHERLY LOVE

Fucking my roommate's brother wasn't something I'd planned. But this past weekend one thing led to another, and suddenly we were falling into bed together.

Our flirtation started after a late-night hangout session. Alana announced she was tired and headed to bed. We eventually followed suit, but sleep wasn't on the menu.

A misplaced hand on a thigh was the pebble that started the avalanche. I'd leaned over Bobby to put my glass on the coffee table and wound up resting my hand on his leg instead of the couch cushion.

Any awkwardness evaporated the second our eyes met. We both looked at one another with unadulterated lust.

Alana could sleep through an explosion, so I didn't bother to lead Bobby to my bedroom right away. Instead, I took my time exploring every bit of his body with my hands, sparking a good, old-fashioned makeout session—the kind with lots of moaning and dry humping.

I haven't used the phrase "good kisser" in years, but damn, Bobby was one. He made it seem effortless. His lips and tongue worked together in perfect harmony; all I had to do was follow his lead.

When he moved his mouth down to my neck, I slipped my hand underneath his shirt and skimmed my fingers over his firm abs. I glided down to the waistband of his jeans and laid my fingers over its button.

"May I?" I asked, not thinking for a second that I'd be denied.

"Please," he said breathlessly. He rocked his hips, bumping my wrist with his bulge.

My hands moved like lightning. The button popped open with a quick twist of my wrist. My fingers brushed the elastic band of his boxers. I wanted to get under there, too. I tugged his zipper open and shimmied his pants



down his hips. Without the stiff denim constraining it, Bobby's dick sprung forward, peeking out of the fly of his boxers.

I curled my fingers around his shaft and pumped it with my fist. His velvety skin slid easily along my palm, and I was overcome by a sudden longing to taste him.

"Oh, I wanna suck your dick, Bobby," I nearly moaned as I confessed my desire.

"No one's gonna stop you."

I lowered my head and swiped my tongue around the dome of his dick. A tiny bead of clear pre-come had collected at its center. I lapped it up and hummed with pleasure as its saltiness exploded on my tongue.

Sucking cock is one of my favorite sexual acts. Taking a strong man's dick down my throat makes me feel infinitely powerful. There's just nothing like reducing a man to a blithering mess

Amused, I stroked him again, just a little bit harder.

"Oh fuck," Bobby gasped. He wound his fingers through my hair and held my head steady. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck," he muttered.

Every expletive was marked by another powerful thrust of his dick deeper down my throat.

When I ventured down beneath Bobby's balls, things got even more interesting. I pressed my knuckles against the center of his taint and rubbed it in tiny circles.

Although my mouth was a bit too full for dirty talk, I found myself thinking the phrases I wished I could utter out loud, like *Oh yeah, you like that don't you?* and *You love when I manhandle your balls, you filthy boy.*

He seemed so close to coming. I couldn't wait to feel his hot cream filling my mouth and rushing down my throat.

Time seemed to slow down. Bobby's

me in and pinning my hips with his pelvis.

"It's my turn now," he murmured against my lips. "Kiss me, Lindsay. Let me taste my come on your tongue."

His mouth crashed into mine. Our lip-lock was rough, hot and just a little messy. I couldn't wait for him to show the same oral attention to my pussy.

Bobby broke the kiss long enough to whip my shirt over my head. That's when he found something new to distract him—well, two new somethings. My boobs were propped up in lace demi cups that temptingly offered them up. Taking in the view, Bobby let out a long whistle and said, "Those are some truly beautiful tits."

He didn't bother to pull down the bra's cups. Instead, he sought out my nipple through the flimsy lace fabric and sucked on it hungrily. He grabbed my other breast, and his thumb and forefinger closed around my nipple, pinching it hard.

"Oh, yes," I moaned.

My nipples basically act like buttons that command my pussy to lube up. They're super sensitive and love stimulation. Oral or digital, it doesn't matter. Showing my tits plenty of attention is a surefire way to make me wet.

Bobby's mouth remained firmly attached to my breast as he reached around my back and unfastened my bra. The garment fell down around my sides, yet he still kept sucking, making me so fucking hot that I writhed against him.

Then he finally dropped down to his knees and let my bra flutter to the floor. He rolled my leggings and thong down my hips, thighs and calves. I raised each foot in turn to help him free me from the tight spandex and my soaked thong.

His hands skated back up my legs. He nuzzled my furry mound, rubbing his nose against my clit.

"You smell fucking incredible," he groaned. "And I love a full bush."

He combed his fingers through my pubic curls, pushing them back to expose my slit.

"Do you like getting your clit licked, Lindsay?"

"Yes, and I wish you'd do it right now."

Bobby let out a soft chuckle.

"Far be it from me to deny such a

He yanked his fingers from my pussy and circled his wet digits around my backdoor."

using little more than my mouth.

Yes, I'm quite the connoisseur of cock. It's a badge of honor I wear proudly.

Years of deep-throating dick meant I could make Bobby's above average shaft disappear in seconds. At one point, I took him so deep my lips caressed his balls, and over-excited Bobby raised his hips, so his cock touched the back of my throat.

I would have smiled if I could have. A satisfied hum was all I managed, but Bobby seemed to really appreciate that. In fact, he groaned so loud I wondered if we'd get caught. But I was already in too deep to care much about that—all I cared about was taking Bobby's come.

Seeing how he reacted to my lips brushing against his balls made me cup his nutsac and lightly graze it with my fingertips. Bobby's ass rose off the couch in response to my gentle caress.

hips stilled while the muscles in his thighs tensed. His fingers flexed against my scalp, and the next thing I knew, a burst of come shot across my tongue. I hummed as even more of his thick cream shot into my mouth. He grunted and released his grip on my head. He was still panting, but his body seemed to relax after his final orgasmic burst.

With Bobby thoroughly satisfied, I eased his dick out of my mouth. Our eyes connected as I licked a stray bit of come off of my lip. I grabbed his hand and stood, pulling him up as I said, "Let's take this to my bedroom."

He seemed to be lost in a post-coital daze, but he nodded and followed close behind me.

Bobby perked up after we crossed the threshold. He pulled the door closed behind us, then he spun me around and backed me up against it. He slapped his hands on the door, caging

good cocksucker what she wants.”

He pressed the flat of his tongue to my clit and gave it a wiggle, then he trapped the bud in between his lips and started to suck and hum.

I slapped my palms against the door and rolled my hips, rubbing my wet pussy all over Bobby’s handsome face.

“Don’t fucking stop!”

I hooked one leg over his shoulder and bucked toward his mouth. Bobby’s fingers breached my gash and pistoned into my pussy hole. He hooked his fingers and pressed against my inner wall, and that’s when I really went wild. I bounced up and down, riding Bobby’s fingers and face.

There was only one thing missing, and I let him know by demanding,

“Finger my ass, too, Bobby.”

He yanked his fingers from my pussy and circled his wet digits around my backdoor, lubing it up before sinking inside. He used the fingers of his free hand to plunder my pussy and fucked me in both holes at once. That and the repeated taps of his tongue against my clit drove me crazy.

“Oh, Bobby!” I cried out as my pussy began to quiver. My cunt muscles rippled around Bobby’s fingers as he continued ramming them in and out of me.

“Harder! Harder!” I demanded.

All of his efforts had me right on the cusp of coming. All I needed was one good push to fall over the edge—and he was up for the challenge.

Bobby’s rapid-fire tongue flicks against my clit were my undoing. My skin tingled with an electric energy that left the hairs on my arms standing on end. I surrendered to the ecstasy welling up inside me and let it carry me away on waves of bliss.

After my pleasure had ebbed, Bobby scooped me up and carried me to the bed. This time, when we kissed it was my flavor we shared.

We didn’t get much sleep that night as we fucked over and over again. I came more times than I could count.

All I can say is, the next time Alana asks if her brother can visit, she’ll get an enthusiastic yes from me!

—L.S., Des Moines, Iowa



THE GETAWAY



She was a cute little thing, that sexy stranger. I hadn't seen Samantha do a double take on a girl like that since college. I couldn't help but smile.

"You think she's a sweet little number, don't you," I teased, before taking a swig of my beer.

The patio at the resort was hopping. People were drinking, dancing and laughing. The boisterous crowd was stained by red and pink neon lights. We noticed the girl had gone to the bar.

"I am a happily married woman," Samantha said.

"And?"

"And you are my husband?"

"And?"

"And..." She looked at me pensively as she played with the cocktail straw of her fancy fruity concoction. "It's vacation. Vacations are supposed to be wild. We're supposed to let our hair down and do fun things."

"Is she's a fun thing?" I asked.

"She looks pretty damn fun to me. But who says she's available?" Sam bemoaned. But she shifted in her seat when she said it. I knew that shift. That was her horny, "my pussy is wet" shift.

"Go find out."

Sam wasn't gone long. She came back with a mischievous smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes. "Her name is Wendy.

She'll meet us up in the room in an hour."

My heart thudded with excitement.

Sam sat down and ordered us two more drinks, which we finished along with our appetizers before we headed upstairs to get ready to receive our guest.

We practically fell through the doorway to our room. I pressed my wife against the wall and kissed her furiously.

"Tell me what you're going to do," I growled in her ear, shoving my hand beneath her dress. I pushed my fingers beneath the crotch of her panties. She was wet.

I shoved my fingers inside her, pushing them deep and flexing them hard. She moaned into my mouth as she clutched my shoulders.

"I'm going to kiss her and touch her."

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and then plunged them back in.

"And lick her little pussy and make her come."

She was panting as I fucked her with my fingers. She was so fired up it didn't take much to make her come, and when she climaxed, my cock—which was as hard as stone inside my jeans—jerked reflexively.

Not long afterward, there was a knock on the door.

We broke apart, disheveled and laughing softly.

"Coming!" Samantha called. Then she chuckled again at her own joke.

I settled into the window seat. I wanted

to get comfortable for the show.

I heard a murmuring conversation at the door, and then my wife led our new friend in by the hand and introduced us.

Wendy gave me a nod, and then my wife was kissing her, and my hand was in my lap grinding against my raging erection.

Samantha cupped the back of Wendy's head, letting her fingers play with the woman's short dark hair. My wife gently nibbled on her friend's lips. But Wendy wasn't passive—or shy. She pushed her hand up under Samantha's dress just as I had moments ago.

When she found Sam's warmth and wetness, she hummed—even as her mouth was still locked in their kiss. My wife unzipped her own dress and let Wendy pull it down. It fell around her feet, and she stepped out of it and turned, so Wendy could yank down her panties. Samantha was braless, and Wendy's seeking mouth targeted one of her nipples. When she drew on it, Sam let her head fall back with the pleasure of it.

Wendy pushed her fingers inside my naked wife. She slid them in and out slowly. Samantha was still super wet from our fast and dirty encounter, so I could hear the slippery sounds of Wendy fingering her pussy.

I could tell from the look on her face that Samantha was ready to come again, but with great restraint, she pulled away from her lover. She pushed Wendy back onto the bed and started to undress her.

Watching my horny wife strip another woman was ridiculously arousing. She pulled Wendy's tank up and slowly worked it over her head. She stopped every few seconds to lean in and kiss her—on the mouth, the shoulder, the collarbone. She pulled her bra cup up and licked a nipple until it stiffened. Then Sam sucked it between her lips, drawing on it hard enough to make Wendy moan and arch her back.

Sam slipped her hand into Wendy's shorts. She touched her until the woman started to whisper, "Yes, yes, yes."

Seeing them made me feel I was going to come in my pants, so I kept my hands at

my sides as I watched them.

Samantha smiled at the response she was getting and tugged down Wendy's shorts and then the panties beneath. Finally, she tore off her bra. She pushed Wendy's thighs wide, skating her nails up their insides and then over her mound.

Wendy reached up and pinched her own nipples.

Samantha cooed at her. She glanced at me, gave me a wink, and then began to kiss her way down the other woman's body—from her clavicle to her belly button. I watched the taut muscles of Wendy's stomach ripple from the sensation.

When Samantha kissed her way up the inside of one thigh, placed a chaste kiss on Wendy's mound, and then kissed her way down the inside of the other thigh, both Wendy and I moaned.

Sam grinned and kept up her teasing until the other woman couldn't stand it anymore. Wendy grabbed my wife's head and guided it to her pussy.

"So impatient," Samantha said, but she relented. She spread Wendy's pussy lips with her fingers and licked her. Wendy sighed. Sam licked her again, then began steadily lapping at her with her tongue. Wendy held the back of Sam's head, pushing her hips up and bumping her eager cunt against my wife's face.

Sam pressed her open mouth to Wendy's pussy. She worked her lips and tongue over the tender flesh. I watched her pull back and suck on the woman's clit. Wendy arched up, panting and yelling as she came.

I sighed as Sam sat back on her haunches, looking very pleased with herself.

She glanced at me and then down at Wendy and asked, "Would you mind if my husband joined us?"

Wendy, still catching her breath, shook her head and said, "Of course not."

Samantha crooked a finger at me as she straddled the woman and slowly moved up to hover over her face. Her knees were on either side of Wendy's head, and I could see where this was going.

"Why don't you come over here and give her another climax with your tongue? Make sure you finish her off good. And let's hear you come! I expect you to be jerking off, baby."

I laughed, but I was more than willing to obey my playful wife.

With that, Samantha settled low over Wendy's face. Wendy put her arms beneath her head and energetically licked my wife's pussy. I dropped my pants and sat between Wendy's spread legs. I could smell her wet pussy. Watching her lick Sam's cunt was mesmerizing. Her long pink tongue flicked and danced between my wife's folds.

Sam writhed in ecstasy, her ass flexing with every motion.

I admired the sexy scene for another moment, and then pushed my face to the place where my wife's had just been. I tickled Wendy's clit with my tongue, and her hips started to bump up and down. I spread her outer lips and licked along her every crease, slathering her pink skin with my spit. I slid a finger inside her and felt her pussy grip me tight.

Above me on the bed, she mimicked what I was doing. She slipped her fingers into Samantha's pussy and fucked her.

I hummed with arousal. I sucked Wendy's clit, flicking it with my tongue every few seconds. I curled my fingers, feeling her pussy give up a rush of fluid. She was close. So fucking close.

And so was Sam, up there on the bed, bucking her hips. Wendy reached up with her free hand and cupped my wife's ass.

Sam glanced over her shoulder and said, "I don't hear you jerking off, baby. Let's hear it."

"Yes, ma'am," I answered playfully.

I grabbed my rigid cock and started to stroke myself. I made sure she could hear the *fwap, fwap, fwap* of my fist on my rod. It always tickled her for some reason, and making Samantha happy made me happy.

I resumed eating our guest. Her cunt was slick, and her wetness dripped down my chin as I teased her with my tongue. Meanwhile, I also stroked myself furiously, knowing if I maintained my pace, I'd climax and that would be that.

But Samantha came first, and her cries seemed to set off Wendy. The brunette's pussy clenched around my driving fingers. Her flowing juices slickened my face, and she cried out against Sam's cunt as she climaxed.

I sat back, watching the women and beating off. I wanted to hold on as long as I could, but it was getting difficult.

Sam dropped her ass onto the bed, and Wendy sat up. They both looked at me.

"You didn't come, baby," my wife said.

"Not yet," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"Hmm. What can we do about that?"

She scooted against the headboard and spread her legs, planting her feet on the mattress. She started to play with her pussy, shoving the fingers of one hand into her cunt. Wendy joined Samantha at the headboard. She assumed the exact same position and started to finger herself, grinding the heel of her hand against her clit. She jammed four fingers into her drenched cunt.

I was transfixed by the sight of them as I knelt on the bed and continued to work my cock. My breathing was erratic as I focused on them with an unblinking stare.

"We think you should come," Samantha said. She had that playful twinkle in her eye again.

"Yeah?" I gasped. I was getting so close. My body hummed with need.

Samantha glanced at our guest and said, "We do, right?"

Wendy pushed her fingers deep, staring at me as she said, "We do. I do. Because I'm going to come in a moment. Again. And I think it would be awesome if you did, too."

"See that?" Sam said. She worked her clit with her fingertips, the way she liked best.

I stopped stroking and squeezed my cock. I rubbed the pre-come at the tip across the head and felt a surge of pleasure.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Wendy shouted as she climaxed. This time she squirted, and I stared slack-jawed.

"Oh yeah," Sam said, and then she surrendered to yet another orgasm.

I started stroking again, and it only took a moment for my crisis to hit. I groaned, letting my head fall back as I came—happy that my wife is kinky and has very good taste in strangers.

—F.L., Duluth, Minn.

Life, like sex, is uncertain business. You never know what you're going to find. Same goes for Carnalcopia, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course, you'll have to send it to us first! Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



WATER NYMPH

My cock rose like a divining rod, aimed straight at the naked woman next door, in the five seconds or so I let myself gaze at her in her pool.

My conscience overcame me, and I turned away. But the image left in my mind was one I continued to savor: her lovely nude form, stroking gracefully through the water in the evening, with all the lights out except those shining

below the surface of the water.

She'd seemed as if she'd been gliding through the air, a slow-motion goddess with her hair trailing out behind her. I'd seen the twin mounds of her gorgeous ass cheeks breaking the water's surface. When she'd reached one end of the pool, she'd spun around and briefly heaved up out of the water, so I'd also got to see her ample breasts.

Unbelievably beautiful. And there she was, right outside the window of

my new apartment. The place was a third-floor studio of sorts, a turret that set my window above the trees lining the adjacent property. Only I could see over. Only I had that view—apparently—of the naked woman in the pool.

I could hardly fault her for skinny-dipping. I myself had a habit of going bare-assed in my home, and at that moment, I had a raging hard-on that was bobbing freely.

Even after shutting the blinds, I could still hear the water splashing over there.

She had a swimmer's body, but with just the right curves. I imagined her skin would be soft and smooth when she'd rise from the water, dripping. If I could touch her, I would feel that wet skin, beaded with chlorinated water. Her nipples would be stiff in the open air.

Again, my principles got the better of me, and I did my damndest to shove away my lascivious thoughts about her. It wasn't easy. I finally resorted to that old cliché: I took a cold shower. Even then, it was an effort not to let the water remind me of what I'd recently witnessed.

But the next day as night fell, I found myself listening for the splashing sounds. I had the blinds open again.

It had been a mentally exhausting day. I rubbed my eyes and sagged back in my desk chair. I was just starting to doze while sitting there, when the sound of a body diving into the pool jerked me back awake.

The rhythmic splashes of someone stroking through water followed. I didn't go to the window. I kept my bare butt planted stubbornly in my chair.

The woman next door had the right to recreate in her pool in the buff without some horny postgraduate ogling her secretly from a window on high.

Then again, I thought, did I have any rights in this situation? After all, that was my window. I'd paid for it, along with the rest of the apartment. If I wanted to look out it, shouldn't I be able to do that any time I wished?

I let that thought churn in my head awhile, but the previous day's images of the naked woman kept creeping into my thoughts. Finally, my conscience gave out. I got up and sidled over to the window.

Peeking just around the edge, I saw her again, as lovely as the day before. Her nude form sailed smoothly through the water. Once again, my cock stood up in appreciation.

With no patio lights on over there, she made a surreal sight. It was as if the pool floated in limbo. Its light seemed to pour over her, accentuating her flesh and making her more beautiful with every clean stroke she made across the length of the water.

I didn't pull away. Not this time. My cock was throbbing. Need was

burning within me, searing away my mental fatigue.

A surge of guilt hit me as I took my cock in hand, but there was also a thrill coursing through me. I'd never thought of myself as a voyeur. But I'd also never been presented with such an opportunity.

Helplessly, I started jerking my rod, and pleasure immediately raged through me. My window had to be clearly visible to her. My light was on, so if she looked she'd know somebody

“My throat got tight, and my cock got helplessly harder, standing up like a steel rod.”

was up there. If she wanted to be sure she was unseen, she could swim in the dark.

She got to one end, then flipped over and started backstroking the other way. Her big tits gleamed as moonlight splashed around her. The bare mound of her pussy flashed above the water's surface.

I stroked myself relentlessly, and suddenly, the intensity was too much. I unloaded all over myself. Afterward, I stood there shivering with come on my belly and dripping down my legs. It was the most powerful jerkoff I had ever experienced.

I could barely sleep that night. The next day it was a struggle to work on my paper. I went from keenly anticipating the onset of nightfall, so I could spy on my naked neighbor, to lying to myself that I wouldn't do it again.

It was like those old cartoons where there's an angel and a devil on someone's shoulders, telling them what

to do. In my case, the devil was buck naked with a raging hard-on, and he wanted to spy on the naked swimmer!

The day waned, and night soon came. My blinds were open, and I heard the splash.

I sat, frozen and naked, in the privacy of my apartment. I was torn by conflicting impulses. The hot animal part of me wanted to go have a look, to drool over the sight of that beautiful body.

But the scrupulous part of me said to go shut the blinds and give the woman her privacy.

I got up to close the blinds—not creeping up on the window that time—just walking up in full view as I reached for the twisty plastic rod that would shut the slats.

When I got there, though, I froze again. She was gliding through the water, a glory of glistening flesh, as enticing as something from a dream or even mythology. One of those female creatures so tempting, they make men do crazy things.

I stood watching, completely exposed. My cock stirred, and my whole being tingled with desire.

She paused, midway across the water. She treaded gracefully and scooped her wet hair off her face. That face raised toward my window, and I felt a kind of electrical current snap to life. She was staring back at me.

My throat got tight, and my cock got helplessly harder, standing up like a steel rod. The light behind me was no doubt silhouetting me perfectly. She could tell I was naked, too. She could probably even see I had a major hard-on.

But she didn't react with any consternation. She continued scissoring her lovely legs back and forth beneath her, keeping herself afloat, like water was her natural environment.

I wanted to see her clearer. The impulse went counter to any last scruples I had about my newly discovered voyeuristic bent. But she wasn't trying to hide herself. Her breasts stood out of the water. Her head didn't move, and she kept gazing at me.

Spellbound, I grabbed a pair of binoculars from my closet, then raced



back to the window—sure she'd have vanished. But she was still there.

Standing before the open window, I raised the binoculars and shrugged, as if to ask her: Is this OK? I put the lenses to my eyes and adjusted the binoculars' focus. My hands were shaking, so it took a few seconds.

My goddess popped into full, detailed view. Her image was as sharp as if she were a few feet away. Again, I felt that electric jolt. My cock strained, and my balls hummed.

Her body was as exquisite as it had looked from a distance. My gaze roamed over every inch of her. Finally, it settled on her face. She was gorgeous with a model's features.

I also saw, with a happy shock, that she wore a beguiling smile. There was no doubt that she knew exactly what was going on. I was "spying" on her—and she liked it!

I realized in a daze that our exchange was a private thing between us. No other windows around her property looked down on her in her pool. It was just me and her, alone. Despite the

distance separating us, the moment was strangely intimate.

It was certainly the weirdest way I'd ever been naked with a woman. But I didn't know where we went from there. She kept grinning, but made no move to wave me toward her. I wasn't being invited over, but apparently I was perfectly free to ogle her.

I was too bashful to start jerking my cock. But my whole body thrummed with need. I remembered how awesome it had felt to pump myself the previous day as I watched her. I wondered to myself about how intense the experience would be if she was watching me do it.

I swayed in the window in my sexual stupor, this unbelievably exciting moment seeming to freeze itself in time.

But she finally turned and swam to the edge of the pool. She got out, disappearing into the shadows, and a terrible disappointment overcame me. Even with the binoculars, I could barely see her anymore.

A minute later an inflatable raft was tossed onto the water. She dove back

in and nimbly climbed onto the floating chair. She paddled with her hands and got the thing positioned so she faced me dead-on.

Then she sat back and spread her legs. Her pussy gleamed. With the lens, I could see her shaved mound. Pre-come oozed from my cock as a wave of insane desire touched every part of me.

The woman put a hand between her spread legs and traced her fingers up and down her damp cleft. I knew she was wet from more than the pool water.

As she plunged two fingers into herself, I took up my shaft and started pumping. The evening air prickled my skin. She worked her fingers in and out. Her hips jerked, and her pretty face wore an expression of ecstasy.

I pumped my cock and went right over the edge. My spunk flew as she writhed through her climax. Her mermaid sex appeal had overpowered me.

Finally, I looked shakily through the lens again. She was waving me over.

—M.B., via email





ROOM WITH A VIEW

Tim always tells me I'm paranoid. That I overthink things. Sometimes, he's right. But sometimes, he's wrong. Without a doubt, this time he was wrong.

I realized Dean, the guy who'd come in to refurbish our basement floor, was watching me. A lot. Not in a stalker way, but an admiring way. He was tall and lean, with mocha-colored skin and muscles that begged to be caressed.

I thought about him more than once, while Tim and I were fucking.

I'm not one to step out, but the man made me horny.

So, I set about fulfilling a fantasy.

One day, Dean was laboring in the basement, while Tim was upstairs working on his computer. I was in the kitchen making focaccia dough, so it would have time to rise before dinner.

Just as I finished washing up, I heard Dean coming up the steps.

I didn't let myself think; I acted. I leaned

back against the counter and pushed my hand into my shorts. I slid my finger inside my pussy, which was already wet from my sudden bold decision.

I chewed my lower lip as I thrust the digit in farther, nudging my deepest recesses and stroking my G-spot. I moved my soaking wet finger to my clit, and upon touching it, I jumped a little at how sensitive it was. I stroked my finger up and down over my button until I thought I might scream.

The basement door was open, so

when Dean got to the top step, he was facing me. I had my eyes nearly shut, but I was peeking in his direction between my lashes.

He froze with his eyes wide and a half-stunned smile on his face. He leaned against the door jamb as I worked my clitoris. I traced circles atop it and moved restlessly with the need to climax.

Dean took one step back. Perhaps he was thinking if I opened my eyes, I'd see him there and stop. He stood on the second to top step, peering around the edge of the doorway, nearly out of my sight.

I pushed my fingers back inside my cunt, hooked them and worked myself until I began muttering nonsense under my breath. I moved my hand and traced circles and whirls over my aroused clit with my fingertips.

As I was about to come, I shoved my fingers into my pussy and fucked myself fast and hard. I climaxed with my head tossed back, wondering about Tim and wondering about our hunky contractor. Wondering what would happen if the two collided with me, and that notion made my raging orgasm all the sweeter.

My pussy clenched and twitched around my fingers, fluttering helplessly.

I saw Dean's shadowy figure withdraw quickly and only then did I fully open my eyes.

I couldn't suppress the grin on my face as I turned again to wash my hands.

I went upstairs, locked the bedroom door and fucked Tim until he shouted my name, his voice sounding like a pleading prayer.

I wanted more.

Dean had asked if I wanted him to work an extra day that week. I said yes. Because I needed another hit. I now knew he was into watching—and I was into being watched.

I just needed to ramp things up a notch.

I knew if Dean had a question while he worked, he'd come looking for one of us in the house. He also was told he was free to help himself to anything in the fridge.

That afternoon, Tim laughed when I pushed him onto the sofa. I could hear a hammer banging and other noises made by Dean laboring below. The sounds

made my pussy seriously wet.

I knew, judging by the time, Dean would probably come up soon for a soda or a bottle of water.

I got on my knees between Tim's legs and popped the button on his pants. I drew down his zipper, watching a look of surprise light up his face as he sputtered, "What the hell?"

"Shh," I told him. "Let's be naughty."

"I'm all for that, but what about Dean?"

I heard the faint squeak of Dean's worn work boots on the bottom stair in the basement. Something I was highly attuned to now, even if Tim wasn't.

"I pulled back, so our watcher could see my husband's come splash on my face."

With a wicked wink, I dipped my head. I sucked the head of Tim's cock into my mouth and drew on it hard. He gasped, his hips shooting upward and his hands tangling in my hair.

"Fuck, baby!"

I pushed my mouth down his shaft slowly. My pussy clenched around nothing as I heard the repetitive thud of Dean's work boots stomping up the steps.

I cupped Tim's balls and gave them a gentle squeeze. I pushed my lips to the root of his cock and withdrew slowly, sucking him until he hissed. I made sure he was distracted as I pushed my free hand between my legs.

I rode the edge of my hand, driving my clit against it and squeezing my thighs, so the sensation reverberated inside my pussy. I was dripping wet, I was horny, and I wanted Dean to see.

I used my fist on Tim, sliding it up and down his slick cock as I tongued the tip of his dick. He had his eyes screwed shut, and his hands were clenched into fists. Tim thrust up from beneath me, filling my mouth and breaching my throat. I gagged a little, and he moaned.

I heard the creak of the loose floorboard in the kitchen doorway, which meant Dean was standing in a spot where he could see us.

I felt Dean's gaze on my back as I sucked Tim's dick. I worked him vigorously, squeezing his shaft and tonguing the head until he was pulling my hair and gasping.

I hummed around a mouthful of dick and wiggled my ass. I plunged my fingers into my pussy and clenched my internal muscles around my thrusting digits.

I heard the creak again, and I swore I

could hear Dean's ragged breathing.

Oblivious to our audience, Tim shouted, "Fuck!" The word announced his orgasm, and I tasted the first jet of his cream as it hit my tongue. I pulled back, so our watcher could see my husband's come splash on my face. I climaxed, too, and announced it noisily.

I heard Dean's retreating footsteps and realized we only had about another day or so before his work would be finished. Time was fast arriving for the grand finale.

The next day I offered Dean some coffee. He was staring at me with a half-smile on his face. Like we had a secret. Because we did.

"Everything going OK?" I asked, staring at him over the rim of my mug.

"Great. I'll be wrapping things up this afternoon."

I nodded and told him, "If you need anything, come find us. We'll be in my office later, around lunchtime."

He cocked an eyebrow, smiled knowingly and replied, "I'll keep that in mind."

That smile sent a jolt of excitement straight to my pussy.

Around lunchtime, I went to my office,



stripped naked and texted my husband: "Can you come help me for a minute? I'm in my office."

I waited a beat and heard him padding down the hall. He gave a perfunctory knock and then pushed the door open.

Naked, I leaned against my desk with my legs crossed and my tits on full display. Presenting wasn't a strong enough word for what I was doing.

"Whoa, what's up this week? Is it my birthday? Am I dying?"

I laughed and replied, "No. I'm just horny. Is that OK?"

"It is," he said. He started toward me and reached to swing the door shut behind him.

"Leave it open," I ordered.

"You're dirty. I like it."

"Come fuck me."

I saw the time and was counting on Dean to show up and "catch" us in action.

I hiked myself up on the desk and spread my legs, so Tim had a good view of my wet, pink pussy. He came toward me, unbuckling his belt and pushing his pants down. They dropped around his ankles, and he pushed himself between my thighs.

I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and my insides quivered. I bucked against Tim as he fucked me. I hooked my ankles behind his back, encouraging

him to bang me faster and harder. He had his head buried in the crook of my neck.

When I glanced over my husband's shoulder, I saw Dean peeking in at the edge of the doorway. I clenched my pussy tight around Tim's driving cock and felt it jerk. I clutched his shoulders and stared at Dean as my husband moaned.

Tim pushed me back, so I was reclining on my elbows. He tugged my hips closer to the edge of the desk, so he could thrust deeper into my cunt. He reached between our writhing bodies to finger my clit. I bumped up my body to meet his. I was unable to see Dean at that point. But I felt him there. I felt his energy and knew he was watching us.

That knowledge set me off. I came, shouting out my pleasure as Tim continued to pump his hips furiously.

"Turn me over, turn me over!" I said, breathing hard.

Tim pulled out of me, his cock slick with my juices. He clutched my hips and spun me swiftly. I planted my hands on the desk and pushed my ass back, so he could once again slide inside my pussy.

Tim kicked my legs a bit wider and then drove into me on a quick thrust. His fingers bit into my fleshy hips, and I drove back to take him. I heard the repeated wet slaps of our coupling and beneath that, the sound of a single creak of the

floorboard where Dean still lurked.

Lurked. That word shone in my mind like neon. He was standing there just watching. Watching us fuck like animals.

I hung my head and let out a low groan.

I angled my hips, so every time Tim pushed into me, his dick hit the most sensitive places within me—until my orgasm rocked me fast and hard. I banged the desk with my hand as the orgasmic spasms hit. Even above my own noise, I heard my husband hiss as he came. His body jerked as he emptied into me.

Tim kissed the back of my shoulder and whispered, "Such a dirty girl."

Later that day, I saw Dean for a few minutes before he left for good.

"Nice working for you, ma'am," he said politely.

"Nice having you."

"If you ever need a handyman again, please consider me," he said with a smirk.

With complete honesty, I told him, "I wouldn't dream of hiring anyone else."

—D.L., Austin, Texas

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TOTAL REBOOT

Nearly three years ago, I'd reached the point of total burnout at my job. The situation came to a head after an 8 a.m. fender bender during my morning commute—nothing serious, thank goodness, but majorly stressful. By the time I finished dealing with police and arranging for a tow truck, I had dozens of text messages from my boss and coworkers. They seemed to be collectively reprimanding me for not calling in to the morning meeting while standing on the side of the road next to my wrecked car. To this day, my favorite text is: "You're really harming the group dynamic."

As I scrolled through the messages, my chest tightened and I began to feel lightheaded. I knew I needed to regroup, so I walked over to the nearest strip mall parking lot and called a taxi. A few moments later, the cab arrived—and with it, an interesting twist of fate.

"Hey," the driver said with a friendly smile. She had sunglasses on and wore her long blonde hair in a braid. Her tight tank top and jeans showed off her athletic physique.

"Good morning," I said.

"More like afternoon now." She smirked a little.

"Sorry, I'm a little disoriented." I shook my head. "Can you take me to..."

Suddenly, it occurred to me I didn't want to go to the office, and I didn't feel like sitting at home either. She must've noticed my confused expression.

"Why don't I just drive, and you tell me what comes to mind?"

"OK, that works." I settled into the backseat and exhaled.

"Bad morning?"

"Traffic mishap turned panic attack."

She studied my reflection in the rearview mirror and said, "Well, that's no good. You need to relax."

"That's what everyone keeps saying to me. No hope of that with my job."

"Are you in tech?"

"How did you know?"

"It shows," she said knowingly. "I'm Joan. And don't worry, I'm not judging you."

"Kate, and I wouldn't be offended if you did—all the clichés are true, I'm afraid."

We both laughed, but then Joan slipped

off her sunglasses and looked me in the eye via the mirror.

"I do this driving as a side hustle, but I'm also the private chauffeur for someone you should really meet."

"Oh?"

"Ms. E runs a very special kind of retreat that many stressed-out people really find helpful."

"Like a yoga retreat?"

"No." Joan chuckled. "Think less New Age, and more...discipline."

Sensing the subtle shift in the tenor of our conversation, I asked: "Is she a dominatrix?"

"In a manner of speaking. I see her as something of a life coach. Ms. E especially loves helping other women."

"Sounds intriguing. Do you have a business card?" I asked hopefully.

"She applied the vibrator to my pussy, but only for a few seconds, leaving my cunt soaked."

"Actually, you were my last fare before heading back to the house. Would you like to come along?"

"Sure, what the hell?"

Joan switched off the meter and merged on to the freeway as she told me, "I think you made the right choice."

We eventually pulled up to a gated driveway lined with trees. The house at the end was a gorgeous Greek revival. As we drew closer to the property, I noticed a lone gardener on the grounds. He wore only work boots and a leather thong, with a matching strappy headpiece and collar.

Joan parked the car and opened my door.

"Thank you." I paused. "Um, who's that guy?" I couldn't stop staring.

"Oh, he's Ms. E's favorite groundskeeper, and he's also a day trader, specializing in Asian markets."

Joan waved hello to him. I followed her lead—and to my pleasant surprise, he smiled and waved back at us, as casual as ever.

Mind you, during an experimental phase in college, I had actually attended a few local munches, but nothing could have prepared me for the BDSM scene I would become part of through Ms. E.

As Joan motioned me through the front door to a beautiful glass conservatory, Ms. E immediately locked eyes with me. She had an old Hollywood look about her, with intense eyes and waist-length chocolate hair that fell in perfect waves. Her matte red lipstick matched her mani-pedi in perfect pinup fashion. She wore a fitted black slip dress and strappy black heels.

"Joan," Ms. E said as she stood up. "I see you've brought some company."

"I didn't think you would mind, Ms. E," Joan replied. "This is Kate."

"Of course not." Ms. E smiled at me.

"You're lovely, Kate."

"Thank you. You have a beautiful home."

"All the better to entertain you in,"

Ms. E replied.

"Kate's had a pretty rough day so far," Joan explained.

"No, more like a rough one and a half years," I chimed in as I rolled my eyes.

"Well, Kate, you'll find some sympathy here, but no self-pity is allowed." Ms. E slowly circled me. "In my house, everyone takes responsibility for their behavior. Is that OK with you?"

I nodded, feeling her eyes roving up and down my body.

She whispered in my ear: "Good."

Tingles rushed down my back as she continued to whisper: "I ask for total submission. But nothing ever happens here without your complete consent. You can say stop at any time. Are we clear?"

I nodded.

"Say it aloud, please."

"Yes, Ms. E."

"Good." Ms. E tenderly caressed the side of my face. "Joan? Help get her ready."

"As you wish, Ms. E."

I followed Joan into Ms. E's lofty, sunlit

dungeon space. I couldn't believe all the props, toys and high-end furniture.

"Wow, it's like a luxury sex store blew up in here," I observed.

"It is an adult heaven on Earth, isn't it?" Joan teased. "Now, start stripping, Kate. Ms. E likes to work with a fully exposed canvas."

I took a deep breath and exhaled my hesitation away. This was already the most alive I'd felt in months. Why not completely take the plunge? I unbuttoned my blouse as Joan appraised my body.

Even with a sedentary desk job, I'd kept my toned figure from college. I have B-cup breasts with large nipples, which were already standing at attention when my bra slid off. My heels and dress pants came off next, leaving me clad in only my thong.

Joan tugged on the elastic strap at my hip and teased, "I bet your pussy is already wet."

"You don't have to bet. This is already the hottest thing I've done in months." And then, feeling bold, I asked her: "What about you? Keeping your clothes on?"

"All in good time." Joan ran her hands through my hair. "Now, let's get you rigged."

She led me to a cushioned area of the room dedicated to suspension bondage.

"I think you'd benefit from experiencing the feeling of total freedom and surrender. This is what I did my first time," she explained.

"I did silk yoga once. Is this similar?"

"You'll see for yourself. But don't worry, you're in good hands."

Joan had me rigged and ready to go in maybe ten minutes—no joke. Ms. E had a special suspension harness, which enabled my weight to be fully and safely supported from above. Meanwhile, my arms and legs were each individually bound with silken ropes. Joan staged me so I was upright with my limbs spread and my tits spilling out of the harness's openings. I was maybe only a foot off the floor. I'd later realize it was just enough to let statuesque Ms. E in her heels be at eye-level with petite me.

"Very nice." Joan stepped back and gave her work a final inspection. "How do you feel?"

"Good. And...horny," I admitted, before licking my lips. "Can't you help me with that, too?"

Joan tugged on one of my nipples playfully before saying, "I'm technically not allowed. We'll both get in trouble."

"Come on," I begged as I strained to lean forward. To my surprise, Joan stood on her tiptoes and brushed her lips against mine—but then we got busted!

"Excuse me," said Ms. E as she strode into the room with a riding crop in hand. "I didn't say this was allowed." She glared at Joan. "And you know better."

"Sorry, Ms. E," Joan said, bowing her head.

Ms. E tsked and added, "I'll deal with you later. Step back and let me tend to our guest."

Ms. E ran the crop's smooth leather keeper down the side of my face in a menacing caress before sliding it down my arm and then cutting across my chest to circle each of my nipples.

"Concentrate for me, Kate. I want you to think of the times you've let people take advantage of you."

I began to speak, but she sharply slapped my breast with the crop.

"I didn't say to talk. I said think."

She slapped my other boob. I gasped upon the impact but otherwise stayed silent. The crop continued to rove over my body, causing goose bumps to erupt all over me.

"Focus, Kate. You're here because you need to be reminded about boundaries, and about what it is to remain in control of yourself. You need to be reminded of these things because you've let your job and other situations in your life control you."

Naked and suspended, I couldn't have agreed more with that assessment. I nodded.

"I'm going to help you." Ms. E picked up a cordless wand vibrator and switched it on low. "Do you want this on your clit?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She applied the vibrator to my pussy, but only for a few seconds, leaving my cunt soaked and desperate for more. That orgasm denial torture went on seemingly forever. My beautiful captor alternated between giving me the wand for a few precious seconds and using the crop to deliver a few hard slaps to my ass or my nipples. I was on the verge of coming when she stroked my clit with the crop, but then she pulled it away to show me its tip was covered in my juices.

"I must say, I'm quite impressed with you, Kate," Ms. E said. "You've behaved admirably by not coming without permission. You deserve a reward."

She motioned for Joan to join us, and they lowered the suspension mechanism, so I was still bound but standing comfortably on the floor.

Joan was permitted to suck on my swollen nipples and then lick my clit, while Ms. E donned a strap-on and fucked my pussy from behind.

As she filled me to the hilt with the rubber cock, the aggravation of the last year and a half melted away.

"Come for me, Kate." Ms. E tugged on my hair. "I know you need the release."

Again, my chest tightened—but this time, from bliss. I climaxed so hard that I would have collapsed without the supportive restraints—and that was only the beginning of my spontaneous weekend retreat.

Before I left on Sunday, I gave my company cellphone to Ms. E's gardener with instructions to bury it forever, then Joan and I made plans for my imminent return.

—D.F., Los Angeles, Calif.





BY THE BOOK

My girlfriend, Miki, is a total, complete and utter brat. I'm serious. If she wasn't so damned cute and sexy, she probably would have driven me crazy by now. Like just the other night, Miki snuck up behind me in the bathroom, while I was getting ready for bed. As I eased my snug shirt upward, she began stroking my back and sliding her short nails over my shoulders. I probably should have known better, but I've always been a sucker for a good back-scratching. So there I stood, arms over my head with my hands bundled up in my shirt, sighing in pleasure as Miki "itched" me.

But a moment later, I felt her hands reaching for my middle. She pushed into my shorts, feeling up my stiffening cock and sliding her clever fingers over my

aching balls. It was heavenly.

"You like that?" she whispered. "You want a little more?"

"Oh, yeah," I moaned.

Next, I felt my shorts being pulled down roughly. Then, before I could do more than squawk in startled confusion, Miki reached up and yanked the shirt down, tangling up my arms and covering my head. Roaring like a bear, I staggered around the bathroom to free myself while Miki stood, laughing in delight.

OK, that was harmless enough. Her tricks and teasing never get truly mean-spirited. They also always end with her giggling that distinctive, high-pitched giggle of hers, as one of her hands covers her mouth with its adorable overbite, and her dark eyes sparkle with mischief. Seeing her like that always gets me riled, so invariably I end up chasing her around

the apartment. Sometimes she actually lets me catch her, and then...well, then things have a way of getting hot and heavy between us. But she's so much fun, and the sex is so good, that I can never really get mad at her.

But Miki has another side as well, a submissive side that would probably surprise her friends. She has fantasies in which she's a lovely, soft-spoken servant or some nobleman's mistress, who's inevitably put into bondage as punishment for some infraction.

Miki first revealed this side of herself to me shortly after we moved in together. We had just finished some amazingly hot sex, and as we lay side by side, she began recounting a fantasy about a master and his female servant, in which she took the servant's role. Her voice was hushed and quiet, but I sensed how excited she was.



When I laid a hand on her, I felt her body was warm and trembling.

"Then he tied me up. He did it himself. He didn't have one of the other servants do it. And he tied me so tight. I couldn't move at all." She stretched her legs out as she said this, looking at her twitching toes with a kind of wonder. "Not even a little bit. And then...he fucked me."

Bondage had never before figured very strongly in my own sex dreams, but hearing Miki talk that way made my cock hard all over again. I had a feeling I was not only hearing my lover's most intimate personal fantasies, but also being shown a side of her I'd never before seen.

"Were you being punished for being bad?" I asked her, gently rubbing her leg. She purred like a cat being stroked.

"Maybe," she confessed, with that charming giggle.

"For playing tricks on your master?" I persisted. "Is that why he tied you up and fucked you?"

"M-maybe," she whispered, before breaking into another laugh.

I put my arms around her and pressed my lips to her silky cheek. Before long, we were kissing madly, and shortly after that, things got X-rated again. By the time the two of us were ready to drift off to sleep, we'd fucked twice and were both utterly spent. But I kept thinking about Miki's story about being tied up. It was just too sexy—and too hot to forget. By the next day, I had made up my mind to bring her fantasy to life.

It was a Saturday, and Miki waited tables during afternoons on weekends, so I had plenty of alone time to do some research. I skimmed a couple passages of her favorite dirty book on her e-reader to get some inspiration. They were pretty hot, all about the exploits of a saucy young maid in a big 18th century country house. The poor thing was always getting in trouble and being spanked or tied up for her misdeeds. After taking some notes, I got online and made some orders from a reputable boutique that specialized in bondage gear.

The next week was pretty quiet, but when Miki got home from her shift at the restaurant the following Saturday, she found our bedroom transformed into a fantasy dungeon. Our bed was now equipped with padded cuffs and silk sheets, and the night tables laid out

with a generous array of oils and adult toys. I had dimmed the lights and put on some sensual music. I was still clothed, but I was wearing an open-necked white shirt and dark trousers, the kind of thing one of Miki's historical romance heroes would wear.

My girl was uncharacteristically quiet as she surveyed the scene, then she turned to me with a huge smile before immediately beginning to undress. In no time at all, she was naked and climbing onto the bed, feeling the smoothness of the silks and fingering the cuffs, like she was getting used to a whole new environment.

"Are you mine?" I asked. "Are you my girl?"

"Always," she whispered before immediately spreading her limbs and letting me cuff her ankles and wrists. Once I had her secured, I spent a long while looking at her body, admiring the delicate mounds of her boobs and her dark-furred pussy. Having her stretched out before me, completely at my mercy, was a delicious new experience, and I was determined to make the most of it.

"Were you bad today?" I asked, reaching for her sweet tits. Miki sighed as I kneaded them, her shoulders rising slightly off the mattress. Her nipples grew stiff under my greedy palms. "Were you? Were you up to your little tricks again?"

For a few seconds, it was as though she was confused, unable to speak. Then she whispered with a pout, "Yes, Bastian. Sylvie said I was bad."

I knew immediately what—or rather, who—she was talking about. Sylvie was a character in the sexy novel I'd skimmed. She was a more mature maid who sometimes took it upon herself to discipline the younger servants. I, apparently, was to play the role of Bastian, the handsome and coincidentally very well-endowed groom who helped with punishments and, as they say, other duties as required. I was perfectly fine with that.

"Oh? What was it you were doing, bad girl?"

"Sylvie saw me watching the girls at their bath."

"Is that all?"

"She...she also caught me kissing and touching Marie."

I knew Miki had bi-curious fantasies, and it didn't surprise me to hear them

coming out now. She stretched her bound body luxuriously, hissing between her teeth as I continued to massage her tits, putting a little more force into it.

"Is that right? And how did Sylvie say you were to be punished?"

"I was to be bound."

"Tied up the way I have you now?"

"Y-yes. And fingered. Finger-fucked in my pussy until I can't stand it any longer."

"This way?" I pressed my hand against Miki's very wet pussy and began teasing her delicate slit with the tip of my middle finger. It took very little of that treatment for

"I worked my digit in and out of her, easily bringing her to the edge of a mind-bending climax."

her to go from wet to sopping. She lay with her head tilted back, whimpering softly.

I slid a knee onto the bed beside Miki's captive body, to better keep up her teasing "punishment." The tiny nub of her clit stiffened, and I tickled it with a steady rhythm. Miki curled her toes and wailed, wriggling her hips from side to side.

"F-fuck me," she pleaded. "Don't torture me, Bastian, I can't bear it!"

"Fuck you, you say," I mused. "With my finger?"

She turned to face me as she breathlessly added, "Or your cock. I won't tell."

My dick was as hard as it ever had been. I was hungry for Miki's body, and I could easily have climbed atop her and given both of us the relief we craved.

But I still had a so-called punishment to administer.

Without another word, I let my middle finger slide into her pussy. She was so wet that I heard it squelching in her, even over the music. I worked my digit in and out of her, easily bringing her to the edge of a mind-bending climax—and then just as

easily slowing down and easing off.

Poor Miki wailed as I withdrew my finger, sounding as though she were going to burst into tears. I knew she couldn't stand to be denied when her need was at its most urgent, and I had no intention of putting her through any more torment.

Besides, I was pretty hot myself by that point. I couldn't get my trousers off fast enough. I tossed them over a chair, and my shirt followed them shortly after. Miki watched with greedy eyes as I got on the bed, fondling myself to get my dick ready for the sweet harbor of her pussy.

When I slid into her, it was like a taste of paradise. My girl's body seemed to tighten around me, the inner muscles of her tunnel gripping my dick like a lover's hand. I let myself fall forward, my weight resting on the hands I'd planted on either side of her face. Then my hips went to work. I thrust into Miki again and again, biting at my lip as I fucked her.

She loved it. She caught her breath and returned my thrusts with quick, forceful lunges of her hips. She tugged at the cuffs, seeming to relish her helplessness. Each time my pubic bone bumped her soft mound she half-wailed, half-giggled with manic sexual energy. Harder and harder, I pumped. I felt her getting ready to come, and my balls were tingling, signaling that I wouldn't be far behind her.

I exploded into her, gasping with relief as my balls emptied volleys of cream into her snatch. Miki's eyes rolled as her climax took her. I felt pleasure shuddering through every inch of her, and when she relaxed on the bed, I wasted no time unlatching the cuffs and gathering her into my arms.

"There," I murmured, kissing her ear. "Now, are you going to be good?"

"Maybe," she whispered, flashing her mischievous smile. "You'd better keep an eye on me. Just in case."

—L.K., Davenport, Iowa

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





HELPING HAND

A debauched domme shares her beau with a special female friend—and the addition multiplies everyone's pleasure.

BY CHARLIE PREJEAN

When I started dating Claudia, our romance raised a lot of eyebrows among my friends. I was 23 at the time and two years out of university, just getting established in a good advertising job. Claudia was in her late 30s. She never actually told me her age, but it was obvious to everyone that there were a fair number of years between us. Other differences stood out just as well. She's a very petite woman, tiny actually, with a heavy mane of dark blonde hair and a soft European accent most people couldn't quite place. She came off as very sophisticated—not much like me at all, in other words, or even my friends, as educated as they were.

The few times we all met for drinks or dinner, most of them didn't quite know what to make of Claudia. She was a psychologist, and part of the faculty at a local university, and while she was as focused on her career as anyone I knew, she rarely talked about her work.

As the weeks passed, predictable jokes started among my friends, about cradle-robbers and sugar mamas and so on. A girl I'd dated previously made a few comments one evening over dinner—on a night Claudia hadn't joined us—speculating on what might go on in the bedroom between me and my girl. Claudia, she mused, was probably a heavy-duty dominant who wielded whips and chains and made me wear a collar. That got a lot of laughs, but dinner seemed a little awkward after that—and I haven't seen any of those guys since.

Funny thing was, though, none of them realized my ex was the one who'd hit on the truth.

Claudia and I actually met online in a male sub, female dom chatroom. It was June, I remember. Our emails and texts soon got as hot as the days in the city until we finally met in person.

Dating Claudia and doing scenes with her was quite an education for me. I really didn't know much about BDSM, apart from the fact that it turned me on like nothing else. I collected video clips and online comics and stories, but I knew instinctively there was more to it than that. I just had to find the right woman, someone who'd not be just a lover, but also a teacher.

On our first night together, we went back to Claudia's place after our dinner date, which had been a pleasant, but mostly silent affair. She parked me on her couch and disappeared into her bedroom. I was pretty nervous. As the minutes of waiting stretched on, I began to wonder if maybe I should just slip out.

When she finally emerged from her bedroom, she was barefoot in a flowered



silk robe with her hair hanging down around her shoulders. Not much like what I'd envisioned a "mistress" would look like—but still so beautiful and cool-looking she took my breath away.

Claudia seemed to guess what I was thinking. She gave me a barely recognizable smile. In the days to come, I'd become very well acquainted with that expression. She sat down beside me on the couch and signaled for me to stand.

"I want to see your cock," she announced with authority.

Like an absolute idiot, I replied, "What for?"

My comeback earned me another of her little smiles.

"If I'm going to fuck you, I need to see the equipment," she said.

And it was funny—at that moment I understood our encounter was all about Claudia, and she'd already made up her mind that she wanted me. I wasn't her prisoner. I mean, it wasn't like I couldn't have just walked out. But I understood, in an odd way, that I was hers. I belonged to Claudia, and she

could do whatever she wanted to me. It was both like and unlike the stories and video clips I had sought out. Mostly unlike. But Claudia wasn't a cartoon dominatrix; she was the real deal.

I stood and unzipped my pants. I was a little embarrassed by how readily my dick sprang out of my fly, presenting itself for inspection. Claudia reached for my shaft, resting her cool fingers on it. Of course, my dick was already plenty hard, and her touch did nothing to calm me down. She took my cockhead between her thumb and forefinger, pinching it firmly enough to make my body jerk.

"Very nice," Claudia murmured as she leaned forward, brushing a lock of her hair out of the way. Her soft lips pressed themselves against my dickhead, giving it a short, sucking kiss. Her tongue swiped across it, and I felt like I could have spurted then and there.

But I didn't move. I sensed Claudia was expecting me not to—rather she preferred I stand quietly at attention, waiting on her pleasure. I stayed put

with my dick growing ever harder. My erection started to hurt, even as Claudia's fingers sent little pulses of pleasure through me.

She gave me a final stroke, then reclined in her seat.

"You're very good. You know, I rarely say this on a first date, but I may be able to use you on a regular basis. Sit here beside me," she said, patting the cushion next to her.

I obeyed, and a moment later her bare feet slid into my lap. I didn't have to be told she wanted a massage. Rubbing a woman's feet always seemed like such a deliciously intimate thing to me—but my old girlfriends would never let me do it, not even once. They would laugh at me for wanting to touch their feet or for calling them beautiful. Claudia, on the other hand, shut her eyes and smiled her little smile as I kneaded her lovely soles and toes. Her feet had a sweet smell of lotion clinging to them. I would have loved to bury my face in her soles, but that wouldn't have been proper.

"That was very nice," she said



eventually, removing her feet from my lap. "I think you might be exactly what I've been looking for."

After that, Claudia led me to her bedroom. At 23, I was far from a virgin, but that night was a sexual revelation to me. No ropes, no cuffs—but I learned what it was to submit completely to a woman. Particularly in the matter of restraining my desire to come.

I needed to shoot my load so badly. By the time Claudia finished with me, I was begging her to let me jack myself off. Had I been a little more naïve, I might have begged her to do the honors herself. But I knew that wasn't in the picture anymore than sleeping with her in her bed.

However, my desperate pleas fell on deaf ears. I got dressed when she told me to, and when ordered, I let myself out.

But before I took my leave, she touched my hand briefly and said, "I'll see you again." Then she rolled over in bed and seemed to fall into a gentle sleep. I found a cab, and only when I was in my own bed did I put one hand to my face and inhale the scent of her lotion, while I jacked myself off.

The rest of that summer I jerked off a lot—usually after our sessions, when I got home. It wasn't until the days began growing cooler and the leaves turned a brittle reddish-brown that she began letting me finish myself off in her presence. Not long after, she would let me breathe in the scent of her feet or other intimate places while I worked my hands over my long-suffering cock. By the time snow came, she would caress me to spurting relief, but only once she had me securely bound—to her bed or the stout X-frame of black-painted wood that sat in one corner of her bedroom.

I certainly didn't mind that. I loved the feeling of her hands roaming over my body, buckling straps or shutting gleaming steel cuffs with a secure, somehow final-sounding click. It was like that sound signaled not just my absolute helplessness, but my safety as well. I truly belonged to Claudia then. The pleasures of being jacked off later were just icing on an already tasty cake.

Of course, once she had me bound,

she would do other things to me as well. She would thumb my nipples until they were both as stiff as my cock, pinching them with her carefully cut nails until I wriggled and cried out. She would suck them as well, sometimes—and what an itching, luscious torment that was!

During those sessions, my ass saw a fair amount of action, too. I was shown the pleasures of having my hole plugged or pressed full of lubed-up beads that would then be slowly pulled free, giving my prostate an amazing workout along the way. There were

**“She would caress
me to spurting
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securely bound.”**

times when that half-painful pleasure led to me squirting without any help from her fingers.

"Look how bad you are," she would tease, reaching for the damp washcloth she'd set out for such emergencies. She would sigh and tut as she cleaned me. "No restraint, this little one. No restraint at all."

Perhaps, needless to say, Claudia seemed to take the same pleasure in tormenting me that I took in receiving it. Her lovely, serious face would slowly break into a smile, the same cruel smile you'd expect to see on the face of a cat who'd just caught a mouse. When—as in the example above with the anal beads—I came all over myself, her smile would widen almost imperceptibly. I was younger then, so not infrequently I would feel my balls start tingling again almost immediately with a renewed need to be emptied.

We were soon seeing a lot of each other. That was when I introduced

her to my friends, with the results I'd described earlier. It was shortly after the incident with my ex that Claudia noticed the dinner invites had stopped.

"It's not a big deal," I told her. And it wasn't. But Claudia was concerned.

"I don't want you to lose your friends over me," she said, her face serious. "That's a bad thing."

I shrugged and told her, "Maybe they weren't such good friends."

"In that case," Claudia responded, "maybe you ought to make some new ones."

And that was how we entered the next phase of our mistress-slave relationship. That was how Sabine came into our love life.

She was a friend of Claudia's from way back. I gathered they'd gone to school together in Europe. Claudia had never mentioned her to me before, but she hadn't talked a lot about her past in general.

The first time I heard Sabine's name was the Friday night she came into the restaurant where Claudia and I were about to dine. Without hesitation, she sat down with us.

I must have given her kind of an odd look because she laughed loudly and slid a cool hand over my cheek. Sabine said, "Oh, you're adorable! Just give me some time, darling. I'll wipe that insolent look right off your handsome face!"

I wasn't sure at the time what to make of that remark. I looked at Claudia for an explanation. Though she immediately introduced our visitor as her "old friend Sabine," that was as much information as I got.

Sabine was very tall—taller than either Claudia or myself—and very slender. Her platinum blonde hair was cut short, and her sharp-featured face was full of mischief. She and Claudia immediately launched into a conversation that completely excluded me—except for the occasional grins Sabine would flash my way. I had the idea she was looking me over, getting my measure for possible fun later.

There was something about her energy that was different from Claudia's. Mischievous rather than coolly aggressive. I got proof of that when I felt her stockinged foot creeping



into my lap under the table.

"What are you doing to my pet, you naughty thing?" Claudia demanded. She didn't sound angry at all. In fact, for all the attention she was paying me, I might as well not have been there.

"Making his little cock hard, darling," Sabine said. Her eyes gleamed as she sipped her martini. "Look at him blush!"

"We'll see who's blushing," Claudia said, stabbing a cherry tomato in her salad. "Tickle her feet," she demanded.

I knew she was talking to me, but I was still surprised. Claudia hated having her feet tickled. The one time I tried was the one time she'd actually put me over her knee and spanked me. She didn't exactly look angry, though. I saw a playfulness in her eyes, but I couldn't read her much beyond that.

Nonetheless, I obeyed her order to tickle Sabine's feet. I had to, right?

Sabine was already pouting and whining as I reached down and took her warm feet in my hands. Tickling her was not just delicious fun, it was also very easy. All I had to do was let my fingers creep over her arches and probe between her toes. Soon I had her spluttering and giggling loudly, which produced startled looks from the other diners.

"Quit it, quit it! Oh God, stop!" she cried. "Make him stop, Dia!"

"No," Claudia said coolly, dabbing at her lips with a napkin. "In fact, if you're going to get up to such tricks the first night you meet him, I think we'd better go back to my place straight away so I can teach you a lesson."

Within another half hour or so, I found myself kneeling on Claudia's bedroom floor with Sabine beside me. Claudia had directed both of us to strip before she retired to her bathroom to change, so I was able to get a good look at my new friend's body. She was amazing, hard and sleekly muscled—with none of Claudia's softness. I was pretty excited, and images of me fucking Sabine were starting to intrude on my thoughts. I didn't think that was in the cards, but I couldn't help fantasizing.

We knelt there together like two penitents awaiting punishment. But I could sense an eagerness in Sabine's demeanor, almost like laughter was

shivering behind her lips, trying to find a way out.

At that point, Claudia came padding out from the bathroom, wearing the same robe she had that fateful night when she initially took me into her service. She sank down onto the bed, so her slight frame seemed to loom over us like a giantess.

"Well, well, well," she said with a smile. "Look at what we have here. Two naughty little kittens." She stretched out a foot and pressed her toes against the shaven mound of Sabine's pussy.

"How do you like that, eh? You like to play games with feet? Try playing with mine," she challenged.

"I was shown the pleasures of having my hole plugged or pressed full of beads."

I watched Sabine gasp and wriggle, her lovely face caught up in a laughing smile. Evidently, this was far from the first time Claudia had played such a game with her. She knew exactly how to work her toes against Sabine's cleft.

"You like teasing him?" she said. "Go on, tease him for me now. Bring him to the point of squirting for me. You know where the lubricant is."

Sabine did know. As Claudia continued to tease her, she reached for a plastic bottle on the nearby night table and covered her fingers with a gleaming spill of transparent lube. Before I knew quite what was happening, her slickened fingers were curling around my already rock-hard shaft and rubbing briskly. I felt myself leaning backward, letting Sabine play with me.

But the fun was only just beginning.

"I want to kiss him," Sabine breathed. "Can I kiss him?"

Claudia laughed. "Beg me," she said.

She removed her foot from its place between the blonde's legs—prompting a whimper from Sabine.

She pouted and pleaded, "Please, please let me, Dia. One little kiss, a sweet one on his cheek." I thrilled to this talk between my mistress and her friend—or was Sabine more of a fellow slave?

"No, I don't want you to spoil him. I took an entire year to train him. Keep jacking his cock. I dare you to make him come. And you," she added, looking at me with gleaming eyes. "Don't you squirt, just because she petted you a little. Let's see who's the better slave."

Now I understood—sort of. Sabine and I had been put into a competition of a very unusual sort. Sabine was to try to make me climax, and I was to resist her.

It wasn't an easy position to be in, not least of all because Sabine's hand was every bit as skilled as Claudia's. She knew how to work the lubed pad of her thumb against the sensitive ridge of flesh under my cockhead, like my dick was some strange kind of joystick. While she obeyed Claudia's order not to kiss me, the warmth of her body, so near mine, was powerfully erotic. I tried to distract myself with thoughts of...well, anything. My job, what we'd had for dinner, even the friends I'd left behind. But the scent of Sabine's perfume kept me itching for release.

I felt my excitement growing. If only Sabine hadn't been rubbing my cock. I knew I wouldn't be able to resist much longer.

"Don't do it," Claudine teased. "Don't you dare, not a squirt or even a dribble. If you do, I'll give you to Sabine to play with for the night."

"Oh," Sabine whispered. "You know I have to make him come now." The sound of her licking her lips was hot thunder in my ear. Suddenly, I felt her teeth catching my earlobe in a firm bite, causing a jolt of delicious pain.

And with that, I emptied my balls all over Sabine's hand.

So I became hers for the night, and let me tell you, it was incredible. But by the next morning, we both belonged to Claudia again. I'm still trying to figure out my new situation. But let me tell you, I wouldn't have it any other way.





SLAVE TO LUST

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“WE’RE PLEASURE BOUND.”

—KYLER



HOP IN THE SACK

Sarah and I hadn't been dating that long. But when we stumbled across a pair of saddle shoes at the thrift store, I didn't hesitate to blurt out, "God, please fucking get those."

"These?" she asked, laughing. "They're hideous."

To her, perhaps—but they made my dick hard like nothing else.

The first chick I'd ever gotten hot and heavy with had worn saddle shoes to a Halloween party as part of her '50s sock hop costume. I'm not ashamed to admit that I came all over them before our makeout session was over.

"I know. But I like them. A lot," I told her, pushing up against her from behind, so she could feel my hard-on.

She released another laugh and

observed, "Apparently, you do."

Sarah turned to me quickly, her long blonde hair flying, and said, "I'll buy them and wear them on one condition."

"Which is?"

"You tell me why they make you horny." She bumped her hip against me—against my hard-on. "And as horny as hell, apparently."

"Deal."

She bought the shoes. Just knowing they were in the bag in the backseat of the car made me want to pull over and jerk off. Somehow, all my youthful joys about love and sex and arousal were bound up in a pair of black and white shoes.

As soon as we were in her house, Sarah took the shoes into the kitchen as was her ritual with thrift store

footwear. She'd wipe them down and hit them with sanitizing spray.

I didn't think I'd be able to wait for her to finish.

She leaned against the counter casually and eyed me up and down. My dick was still stiff. The outline of my bulge was clearly evident in my jeans.

"So, you like these, huh?" she remarked before pulling a clean cloth from beneath the sink, turning on the warm water and soaping it up. Then she began to wipe down the shoes. Slowly. Sensually. Seductively. Or had I lost my mind?

"I do like them."

"Tell me the story."

"The first girl I ever came in front of was Melissa. She was dressed like she was at a '50s sock hop for Halloween.

She looked so good, and she was nice, and she let me touch her when we kissed."

Sarah stroked the tongue of the shoe with the rag as I talked. My cock jerked in my pants, and I tried to catch my breath.

"Go on," she said patiently.

"We made out in the laundry room away from everybody else. She touched me. Like really touched me."

"Uh-huh. Go on." She was wiping down the sides of the shoe as if trying to turn it on.

It was turning me on.

"She slid her hand into my pants, held my dick and stroked it. She wasn't super good at it, but just being touched. Jesus Christ. That was insane."

Sarah leaned forward and kissed me roughly. She bit my lower lip and pulled back enough to give it a tug, and I thought I'd come in my pants.

"Go ahead," she said.

I unzipped and took my dick in my hand. I started to stroke myself as she rubbed the shoes. She continued rubbing, while I continued my tale.

"We made out, and I had my hand on her breast. She had huge tits, and I was squeezing. Her nipple was hard. I remember that."

"Uh-huh." The rag and her hand slid into the shoe and then out in a hypnotic rhythm.

"We wanted to fuck. But not there. Not in the laundry room with drunk college students carrying on nearby. Besides, we didn't want to get caught."

I took a gulp of air and went on: "I felt like I was vibrating. I was so close to coming. She kissed me really hard and then whispered, 'You should go ahead and jerk off. You should come. I want to see you come.'"

Sarah kissed me, and I moaned.

"I took out my cock and just went at it," I said, bring my tale to its end.

Sarah watched me avidly. Her gaze made my story feel that much hotter.

"You should aim for this part," Sarah said softly. She pointed to a white section of the shoe. "This nice clean spot. You should make it dirty. You dirty, dirty boy."

I gasped as I came. I shot my load on the shoe as directed, watching my



come rain down on the leather.

I was panting as Sarah leaned in and kissed me. Her tongue slid along my lower lip, her teeth nibbled my lip.

"Once they've sat for a bit I'll wear them. They need to be thoroughly cleaned, and you need to wait."

She sent me upstairs, and I obeyed. It felt like an eternity before I heard her footsteps on the stairs.

Sarah swished into the room with a swing of her hips. She was wearing white bobby socks, a little plaid skirt and a white blouse with a small red tie around her neck. And the shoes.

It was spot-on.

The shoes were so clean, so nice and so perfect I thought I might die of happiness.

"You look very excited, naughty boy," she said. "I think you should drop to your knees and worship me."

I went on my knees, bent and kissed her shoes. She let me have my moment and then she lifted her skirt and the crinoline beneath it.

"Worship a little higher. Look at how shiny those shoes are for you. Eat my pussy. Show me how grateful you are."

I had no problem doing that. I slid my tongue along her warm, plump folds. I found her clitoris and nuzzled it. I sucked on her, lapped at her and gave every inch of her tender flesh my absolute attention until she was moaning uncontrollably.

Sarah thrust her hips forward, eager for more, so I slipped my fingers inside her. I pushed them deep and slid them against the slick warmth of her tunnel. I curled them just so and felt her knees sag.

I doubled the intensity my oral attention, licking tight little circles over her clit.

She grabbed the back of my head and banged against my mouth.

When she came, she pulled my hair. Her juices coated my tongue and slickened my chin.

"That's a good, good man," she said.

I stood, and Sarah pushed me roughly until the back of my legs hit the bed and I sat down hard. She forced me onto my back and greedily tore open my pants. She shoved up my tee, and I rose from the mattress just long enough to whip it off over my head.

Tugging down my jeans, she bared my cock. It sprang free, hard and flushed.

"Stiff again already, huh? Those are some powerful shoes."

With a wicked smile, Sarah straddled me, keeping her skirt hiked high at her waist. She slid the saddle shoes against my calves as she sat on me and took my cock inside her, making sure I felt the buffed leather against my legs.

She surprised me then by rolling off me for a moment. She skated the tip of one saddle shoe up my thigh. She dragged it over the top of my cock, then she slid it down the other thigh. She wedged the toe between my legs. Not too hard, not too soft. The smell of clean shoes and rubber soles made my

"I shot my load on the shoe as directed, watching my come rain down on the leather."

head ring and my whole body tremble.

My cock was so hard it ached. My jaw hurt from clenching it. My dick jerked eagerly, and she sighed.

Sarah got on her knees and straddled me again. Then she took my cock in her hand and slid the head along her wet slit. She lowered herself just an inch, then pulled back.

I groaned and bucked my hips, clutching the bedsheets in my fists.

Then the tease slowly lowered herself onto my prick. When she was fully seated, she rocked from side to side. Her eyes drifted shut as she rode me. Her internal muscles squeezed my shaft, and it flashed through my mind that I was going to come.

I couldn't do that. Not yet, at least.

I bit my tongue, feeling the seductive

slide of the saddle shoes against my legs.

She rocked faster and faster as she clutched my shoulders. Her pussy gripped my cock, giving it a hard squeeze. Her snatch was beyond warm and wet, and I wanted to empty my load into her. But I also wanted to let her run the show.

Sarah pulled off me and let her skirt drop. Her lips slid along my chest and my belly. She reached my cock and sucked the head into her mouth. She drew on me, and when I sighed, she drew on me again.

When I was right there—right at the edge of climaxing—she let me go. Posing by the side of the bed, she turned her back to me and bent at the waist. I saw the flash of her ass beneath the crumpled skirt.

With her rear exposed, she slipped off one shoe, then the other.

My cock felt like it might explode.

Sarah came back to me and dragged the edge of one shoe against the crown of my cock. The sensation was exquisite.

She did it over and over again until I was desperate for an orgasm.

Then she placed the shoes on my thighs.

"Do it," she hissed, sitting next to me on the bed. "Come all over those pretty shoes. Mess them up. Make a mess, baby."

I groaned, grabbed my cock and went for it. I jerked off furiously as she watched, grinning at me like I was doing the best thing ever.

"Are you going to come, baby?"

I nodded, chewing my lower lip. Sexy images flashed through my mind as I stroked myself: The first time I kissed Melissa. When she told me to come. Her skirt. And now Sarah. Cleaning the shoes, wearing the shoes, her filthy mouth and her hot, wet pussy.

Sarah picked up a shoe, rubbed the white leather against my dick. I lost my composure and swore softly as I came and once again splashed the leather with my load.

She laughed softly and kissed me before saying, "We should go thrifting more often. I learn so much about you."

—D.J., Tempe, Ariz.



TAKEN DOWN A PEG

My roommate is my best friend, and I know I'm lucky to be able to say that. We travel together and share everything—yes, everything.

When Lisa and I realized we both wanted to fuck the cute, single guy who lives across the hall, it seemed like a no brainer to invite him over for drinks. Before long, Brandon had become our favorite plaything.

One evening, Brandon arrived at our door at the same time I did as I returned home from work. When we entered the apartment, Lisa was waiting in the vestibule.

After the door clicked shut behind us, Lisa dropped her robe. A black latex underbust corset cinched her waist and

sculpted her curves into the ultimate hourglass. Her tits sat just above the garment, fully on display for our enjoyment.

Thin black bands wrapped around her hips, supporting a dildo that I already knew intimately.

Butterflies fluttered in my belly. Brandon had been getting to know Mistress Lisa for months. When he expressed interest in getting pegged, she let him know she'd be more than happy to oblige.

"Well, hello," Lisa drawled. She stepped to the side and swept her arm toward the living room, beckoning our guest inside. "Mary, help Brandon out of his clothes."

Lisa knows I loved undressing the men we bring home. It's like unwrapping

a gift. Will they be muscular and dusted with coils of soft, springy hair or lean and bare? It always excited me to find out.

Of course, Brandon wasn't a mystery anymore. I already knew his shoulders were strong and broad, perfect for supporting a lady's legs while he makes a meal out of her pussy.

Undressing Brandon wasn't a surprise, but it certainly was a pleasure. Having Lisa's permission meant I was free to take my time.

I started with his worn, plaid button-down and slowly but steadily worked my way farther south. Tugging his boxers down provided the perfect excuse to skim my hand over his balls. I loved how the coarse, curly hairs that covered his sac tickled the pads of my fingers.

Then Lisa cleared her throat—loudly—dragging me back down to Earth.

I immediately fell back in line and finished stripping Brandon. When he was totally naked, Lisa spoke again: “Here’s how it’s going to work, lover boy. First, I’ll fuck Mary, then I’ll slide my pussy-drenched cock inside your asshole.”

She closed the distance between us and traced a pointed crimson nail along the side of his chiseled cheek.

“Sound good, my pet?”

Brandon shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his rapidly stiffening erection obvious.

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

A satisfied smirk lifted the corners of Lisa’s crimson lips.

“Very good,” she purred.

Her eyes stayed firmly fixed on Brandon as she said, “Mary, darling. Be a doll and strip, while Brandon gets on his knees and sucks my dick.”

Brandon looked stunned as his eyes fixated on Lisa’s sizable dong. A big believer in the saying “go big or go home,” Lisa had invested in the longest, thickest cock my pussy could take. She loved pounding me with her pretty purple cock. Soon, Brandon would experience the rapture of it stretching his cute little asshole.

First, he would take it in his mouth, though.

Brandon dutifully fell to his knees, and Lisa’s hips hitched, propelling her cock toward his face. She hovered a hair’s breadth from his mouth, allowing him to finish licking his parted lips before she dove between them.

“That’s a good boy,” she murmured. “Get my dick wet for Mary.”

She rested her hand on top of his head and raked her fingers through his hair as she cooed, “I love a man who gives good head.”

With her free hand, she took hold of one of his wrists, directing his fingers to her pussy, which was left exposed by the harness.

“Come on, Brandon. Momma wants a finger-fuck.”

“Mmm,” he hummed, the cock still firmly lodged in his mouth.

As he sucked Lisa’s dick, Brandon plunged three digits into her pussy, and I felt my own clench in response. A gentle

pulse pounded between my thighs.

By that point, I was standing stark naked—just as Lisa desired. I yearned to finger myself while I watched Brandon blow my bestie, but I knew Lisa wouldn’t allow that. She was leading the scene that night, and it was up to her to direct my pleasure.

While I waited my turn with Lisa and her purple cock, I watched Brandon deep-throat every last inch of her shaft like a practiced porn star. He pistoned his fingers in and out of her pussy, thumbing her clit and fucking her so hard he nearly lifted her off the floor.

“Yes, my pet,” Lisa groaned. “Take it all in.”

My own breath caught in my chest

“There was no holding back. Lisa hit the detonator, and a second later, I exploded.”

when Brandon twisted his wrist and Lisa’s knees nearly buckled as a climax threatened to carry her away. She caught herself at the last second—but just barely. Winding her fingers through Brandon’s thick, wavy hair seemed to be the only thing stopping her from melting into a horny heap on the floor.

Brandon knew it, too. A sharp glint of satisfaction shone in the mischief-maker’s eyes.

Lisa found her footing again, but it wouldn’t last long. Her body was strung as tight as a bow. She could barely keep her eyes open. Brandon had a magic touch, and even Mistress Lisa wasn’t immune.

“Oh! Oh! Oh,” Lisa shouted.

Then Brandon opened the floodgates.

“Oh God,” Lisa groaned. She shivered and came undone as her orgasm ravaged her.

I licked my lips, longing to taste Lisa’s

pleasure. But before long, her orgasmic tremors had subsided, and she regained the appearance of control. She stood ramrod straight, ready to resume her role as director for the evening.

Lisa spun on the pencil-thin heel of her boot and turned to face me.

“Well?”

She planted her hands on her hips and tapped her toe on the floor. My eyes dropped to her hips, where the thick purple cock strapped to her pelvis bobbed to the beat. It glistened under the overhead light, slick with Brandon’s saliva.

“I’m waiting, Mary,” she chided.

Lisa arched a single, perfectly manicured brow as she pointed to the bar that separates the kitchen from our living space.

“Bend over, and let me have that pussy.”

I scurried to obey and draped myself over the top of the bar. My tits pressed against the glossy vinyl.

Lisa is several inches taller than me, and more if you take into account the sky-high heels she was wearing. Standing flat on the floor wasn’t going to cut it. Instead, I arched my back and raised myself on my toes, offering my cunt in invitation.

“Such a good little slut you are,” Lisa cooed. “Look at that pussy. Pink, wet and so perfect.”

Lisa trailed her finger up one plump fold and down the other, and I shivered. She stepped up behind me and planted her hands on my ass cheeks. Her fingers curled into the pillow-soft flesh, biting into my skin.

“Such a lovely ass you have,” she murmured as she gave me a squeeze. “Perfect for holding on to while I fuck you.”

Lisa rocked her hips and breached me, and it didn’t take long for her to find her rhythm. She pounded my pussy like a woman possessed.

“Brandon,” she hollered.

“Yes, Mistress?”

“Get on your knees and tongue my asshole, while I fuck this lusty little bitch.”

I couldn’t see Brandon, but I could hear him. His bare feet padded across the hardwood floor as he rushed to give his mistress what she craved. After that, all I could hear were the sloppy sounds



of a horny man eating ass.

That's when Lisa really hit her stride. Nothing gets her going quite like a good rimjob. Massaging Lisa's asshole is the quickest way to make her come.

But Lisa seemed to want to share the joy. She nudged her thumb against my backdoor, and I saw stars.

Now, it was my turn to shout—and I did. My body was tensed up like an overwound spring, seconds away from bouncing off into oblivion.

Suddenly, Lisa's thumb wasn't just massaging my asshole, it was sinking inside. She burrowed in deep, while her free fingers rested on the curve of my ass.

There was no holding back. Lisa hit the detonator, and a second later, I exploded.

She never faltered as the waves of pleasure crashed over me, not even

when my pussy clenched so tight that it pushed the dildo out. Totally unfazed, Lisa bent and lapped at my slit to finish the job.

When my body stilled and my breathing steadied, Lisa abandoned my clit and barked at Brandon, "On all fours, now!"

Even in my post-orgasmic haze, I knew I needed to get my head in the game. There was no way I was going to miss Lisa skewering Brandon with her purple sword of splendor.

I perched myself on a nearby stool and spun around just in time to see the head of Lisa's dildo pop inside Brandon's asshole, making him groan with abandon.

"Yes, my pet. You'll take my dick and like it," Lisa replied.

Brandon moaned as another inch disappeared. He truly adored it.

"That's right," she murmured. "You love my big purple cock."

Lisa reared back and slapped his ass, making him lurch toward her and take even more of her shaft in his back hole.

She reached around and cupped Brandon's balls in her palm, caressing them before wrapping her fist around his hard-on. She was relentless, stroking his cock as she slammed the toy into his ass—and she didn't stop until shivering Brandon blew his load on the floor.

"That's a good boy," she crooned.

Brandon was breathless as Lisa eased the dildo from his ass and stood behind him.

"Rest up, my pet. I'll want you again when I'm done with Mary."

I knew then that it was going to be a long, hot night.

—M.K., Chicago, Ill.



THE RIGHT STEP

Lori and I had been married about a year when she made a suggestion that completely changed our sex life. Her proposal seemed pretty innocent at first. I remember it was a beautiful day in early May. Spring had been cold and rainy, but suddenly we were gifted with a run of sunny, unseasonably warm weather. We had just enjoyed brunch at our usual place downtown, and we'd both noticed a number of lovely young women out for the day, jogging and walking their little dogs, while working their phones and generally looking gorgeous. There were hot young girl-boss types in well-cut suits and gleaming black pumps, punkettes in carefully laced boots and boho hippie chicks in flowing, flowered dresses that grazed the tops of their sandaled feet. It made for a wonderful show.

"You were sure having a good time scoping out all those young gals," Lori remarked, as we settled down for a lazy Sunday afternoon. Neither of us is much past 30, but we'd both noticed a growing tendency in ourselves to think of our fellow city-dwellers as "young folks."

"What can I say?" I shrugged. "It's a perk of living in the city."

It is. I won't say people-watching is the only reason I've never wanted to move to the suburbs, but it definitely has played a part in that decision.

"Yeah, especially when sandal weather starts," Lori added with a knowing chuckle.

My love of female feet was no secret between us, and my wife rarely missed a chance to tease me about it.

"Speaking of that," I said, reaching for her ankle, "you look like you're about due for a fresh coat of polish."

Lori's feet are beautiful, slender and high arched with long, tapering toes. A lot of times my foot fetish takes the form of caring for her feet, polishing and trimming her nails, as well as administering the occasional massage.

Then it happened.

"Why don't I polish your toes instead?" Lori asked. I gave her a questioning look,

not sure at first what she meant.

"I've told you before, you have seriously nice feet for a guy." Suddenly, the tables had turned. Lori was holding my foot in her hands, examining it carefully. "I bet you could paint your toenails and put on a nice pair of heels, and they'd pass for a girl's feet—no problem."

At first, I wasn't sure what I thought of the idea. She was just kidding, right?

But the more I mulled it over, the more I liked the idea. Hell, it turned me on. I never really thought about guys' feet before; to me, it was always women's feet that were beautiful, almost magically so. And what Lori was proposing seemed like a spell

"She pistoned herself up and down my shaft while admiring the sight of my feminized feet."

that could convert my feet into a girl's. The idea was a little odd, yet it affected me the way any new, sexy idea would. I had experienced a foreshadow of it the previous summer, when Lori suggested I get a pedicure, like a lot of her friends' husbands did. At the time, I laughed off the comment. Now, I felt my cock getting rock-hard in my jeans.

Lori, for her part, was already sold on the idea. Before I knew it, she had fetched the shallow plastic footbath she used when I gave her a pedicure and filled it with hot water. A moment later I was soaking my feet, a little nervously, while my wife happily picked out nail polish, files and various other accoutrements.

The whole process didn't take long. My feet were shaved and lotioned and generally pampered. Lori talked to me in a soft voice about this and that as she applied the bright red polish she had chosen. It was a kind of attention I'd never experienced before—casual, yet very intense somehow. I felt like I was the center of her world and wondered if women felt the same way when they went to get their nails done.

Finally, Lori spread her hands and said, "Ta-da!" By that point, I was in a strange state of excitement—partly sexual, partly something I couldn't put my finger on. Lori set her own pretty feet next to mine, as though for comparison. There was now surprisingly little difference I could see between them. My feet were just a little larger than my wife's, a little broader. Really, that was about it. Her eyes glinting with mischief, Lori leaned over and kissed my toes. A bolt of arousal ignited under my skin, and I couldn't help myself. I took her feet in my hands and reciprocated, kissing her soles and ankles again and again. The glimpses I caught of our feet being mutually worshiped registered on my fevered mind like one of the fetish videos I had spent so much time viewing before my marriage.

In time we ended up in bed, fucking enthusiastically. I couldn't help but wonder what kind of wonderful world I had, with Lori's help, stepped into.

For the next month or so, Lori took good care of my feet, while I took to the internet and explored another remarkable new world—that of the foot-conscious cross-dresser. I discovered online shoe stores specializing in larger sizes, shops dedicated to vintage stockings and elaborate anklets and other foot jewelry. I didn't go crazy—at first. But I couldn't resist making some purchases—with Lori's approval, naturally. However, I exercised considerable restraint in my selections.

I felt no particular interest in the shops I found that sold wigs and makeup and dresses, though I was often impressed by how beautiful some of their wares were. Over the next few weeks, Lori and I took in some local drag shows, and I was likewise



startled by how lovely and sexy the “girls” were. However, my eyes kept slipping down to their stiletto-heeled pumps and sandals, every bit as avidly as I would have inspected the shoes of the gals in our neighborhood. The objects of my gaze seemed to sense my interest, even if they didn’t realize exactly what part of them I found so intriguing.

But my fascination with my own “transformation” began and ended below the knee.

Then one day at work a few weeks later, I got a call from Lori. She sounded very excited—as in aroused. Of course the throaty laughter in her voice stirred more than my curiosity. Had I taken Lori’s call someplace more private, I might have slipped into the bathroom for a little self-pleasuring.

“You got a package,” my wife told me. Believe it or not, it actually took me a moment to realize what she was talking about. Then it hit me.

“The shoes?” I asked, remembering the order I had placed a few days earlier.

“And stockings. I hope you don’t mind, I couldn’t resist opening the package. And oh, they’re beautiful! You’re going to look so hot in them!” She paused a moment, then whispered. “Can you get off early?”

“I think I can manage it,” I said.

“Getting off” certainly figured into my plans for the rest of the day. I told my secretary I was feeling under the weather, though my flushed cheeks and slight stutter may have told a different story. She smiled perfunctorily as I quickly headed for the elevator. I could only smile myself. While she might be imagining some hot and heavy afternoon tryst between Lori and myself, she would be very surprised if she knew what form that would take!

“With gleaming eyes, Lori leaned over and kissed my feet in those beautiful stockings.”

By the time I got home, Lori had arranged my purchases on the couch, so they were the first things to meet my eye as soon as I stepped over the threshold. There was a pair of gorgeous maroon pumps, a classic style in just my size, and several pairs of black silk stockings—including one very sexy pair of fishnets.

Lori had also set up the soaking tub and varnish so she could give me a fresh pedicure. The first time she’d pampered and polished me, I’d been a little tense, wondering what it would be like. This time, I settled into the warm water with real pleasure, knowing exactly what to expect.

Lori had carefully removed any trace of dead skin from my soles and heels, rendering them smooth and silky-soft. When I ran my fingers over them, I gave an involuntary little gasp at the sweetly ticklish sensation. I had touched many pairs of lovely feet in my time, but to be able to take part in the sensation was a whole new thrill.

By the time I smoothed one of the pairs of stockings up over my legs, my feet looked absolutely amazing. It was hard not to think they belonged to some supermodel, out on the town for the evening. My toes gleamed with freshly dried coats of cherry-red polish; I spied them through the silk

stockings, sparkling like ten rubies. I was tempted to put on the fishnets so I could feel my fingers sliding over the skin revealed by those diamond-shaped openings. But I decided to hold off on that for the moment, reminding myself that we had plenty of time to explore all my package had to offer.

Lori took me by the shoulders, carefully maneuvering me back onto the couch and settling my stocking feet on cushions she'd piled on the coffee table.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Look," she said, pointing to the mirror on the opposite wall. And there were my silk-sheathed soles, beautifully displayed like twin works of art. I found myself keeping my eyes down, rather than letting myself take in the way my upper body in my regular clothes contrasted with my feet.

With gleaming eyes, Lori leaned over and kissed my feet in those beautiful stockings.

With that, she climbed onto my legs and put her arms around my shoulders, pressing her soft lips against mine. She let her house slippers fall to the floor, and I slid my hands over her own lovely, bare feet, squeezing her toes and ankles.

As our kisses grew hotter, and Lori began toying with my belt buckle, I reflected on how very lucky I was to have such a wife. One who was not just understanding, but sympathetic in the best possible way. It's one thing for a partner to tolerate your fetish, but to find one who'll enthusiastically share it is truly remarkable.

"Before we take this to the bedroom, I think you'd better try on those heels," she told me, as though sensing my thoughts. "You'll have to break them in sooner or later. This way, if they're a little tight, I can give you a nice long massage."

"I thought I was the one with the foot fetish in this marriage," I told her with a grin.

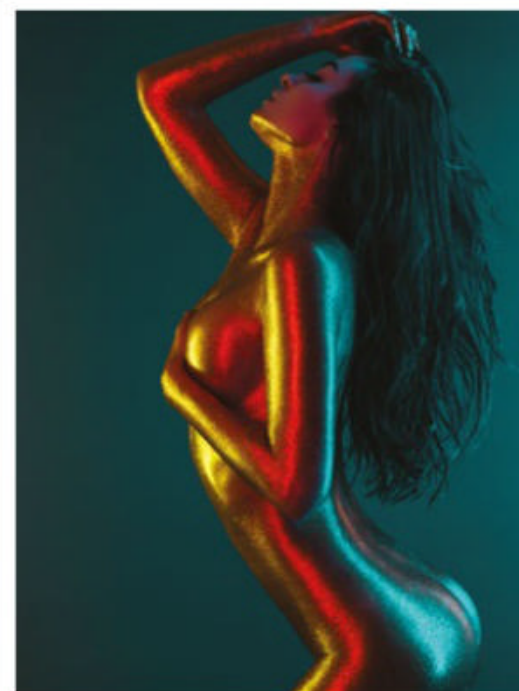
"Well, I have a feeling you might have a little competition," she replied. "Those girls downtown had better watch out."

I slipped my feet into the pumps and felt magically transformed—and aroused. Lori led me into the bedroom, where she stripped off my clothes—save for my stockings and heels. She climbed aboard my ramrod-stiff cock reverse cowgirl, and she pistoned herself up and down my shaft while admiring the sight of my feminized feet. It didn't take long for her to climax. Her spasming pussy and thoughts of our next fetish adventure carried me to my own plateau, and I filled her with my cream.

I knew then that we'd taken a step in the right direction.

—S.G., New York, N.Y.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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